Interview with Yasir Arafat *Oriana Fallaci*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—November 16, 1974, 50 cents

Nourishing The Arts

Robert Brustein *Howard Klein*
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Frost Centennial—*David Littlejohn*

Aldous Huxley—*Stanley Weintraub*

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The Waiting Game—*The Editors*

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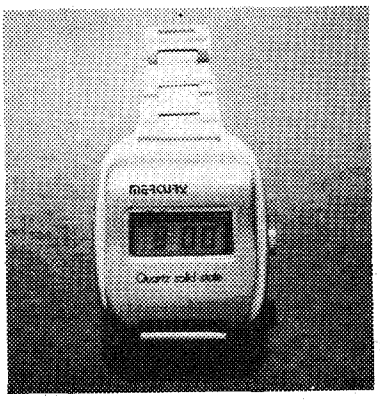

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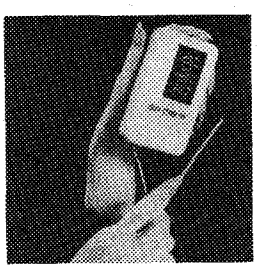

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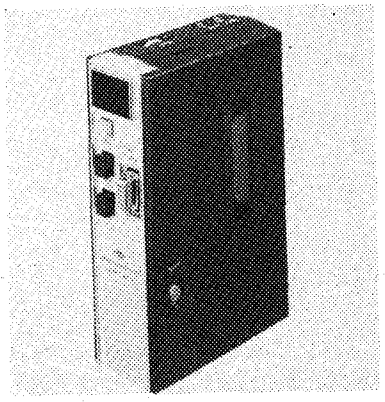

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TRB

from Washington
November 16, 1974

Crime Fighting

Unemployment is growing and more unemployment always means more crime. Six percent are out of work, with twice as many blacks as whites and the figure will probably reach seven percent before long. Crime will tag along.

One of the most astonishing changes in the United States in the past half century is the spread of city fear. I think it is what our ancestors, if they returned, would mark most in America after they got over their shock at technological change. "You mean the streets aren't safe?" they would ask. It would be hard to explain that to Benjamin Franklin.

It isn't so bad in other democracies. Back from Europe, a friend told of asking the London hotel clerk if it were safe to "explore" after dark? The clerk's puzzled look followed him out of the hotel. "Safe?" he repeated. "Safe?" Police don't wear guns in London.

The other day some European graduate students answered a *New York Times* editorial that decried conditions abroad. Well, they responded, "our streets are safe at night. Your civilization has made it impossible to go for a walk at night in your cities."

In June 1968 Lyndon Johnson set up a 13-member Commission on Violence, and made Milton Eisenhower its head. It reported 91 recommendations to Richard Nixon in July 1969. Time passed and there was no comment from Nixon. "The White House was absolutely silent regarding our commission's study and recommendations," says Milton Eisenhower sadly in a new book, *The President is Calling*. "Evidently our report, like many others, had been filed and forgotten."

You can see how this was of course: Nixon was elected in 1968 partly because he promised to solve the crime problem and reelected in 1972 partly because he said he had solved it. A little embarrassing to have a blue-ribbon commission report that crime wasn't solved and wouldn't be solved easily! "Violent crime has increased about 100 percent in the past 10 years," Eisenhower now reports.

While the commission was starting its research during the presidential election of 1968, Attorney General John Mitchell kept telling the nation that poverty is "not a cause of crime." Eisenhower says this irritated him because his commission was coming to just the opposite conclusion. It is true, they unanimously reported, that the nation should launch an all-out attack on the faltering system of criminal justice but it was just as important to cure the root causes of crime in the social structure.

Day-to-day crime doesn't bother the nation much, Eisenhower indicates. What stirs the country is when "a President, a senator, and a great civil rights leader" are "assassinated in a few years." You have to kill somebody prominent. Last week a Louis Harris poll showed that among the humble people of Harlem, NY, the thing that worries them most is not inflation, not unemployment, not drugs nor housing: it is crime; 51 percent of the total report that; the next highest anxiety is housing, 31 percent. When President Kennedy was shot you got a commission on violence; after the commission's great social document was filed and forgotten urban crime went on much as before. Nobody greatly bothers; we are used to it.

The US with 200 million people averages 50 times as many gun murders a year as do England, Germany and Japan combined, with their total population of around 200 million.

Crime is now spreading into the suburbs and the subject may rouse interest again. Eisenhower recalls that our rate of violent crime is five times that of Canada per person, 30 times that of Great Britain and 90 times that of the Netherlands.

The most sympathetic European coming to the United States cannot understand one thing try as he will: Why do we allow free access to handguns? There are 30 million lethal handguns loose in the United States, Eisenhower recalls. He says he was perplexed by the "blind, emotional resistance" to any effort to curb the senseless excess of handguns. When he urged control, "vitriolic mail poured into my office, nearly all of it instigated by form letters and cards distributed nationally by the rich and politically powerful National Rifle Association." Yet every poll taken on the subject over a 10-year period, he notes, favors the kind of control that the commission recommended. Eisenhower can't understand it.

May I make a modest suggestion? I think the gun is a sex symbol of male chauvinism. The gun shows masculine superiority, makes even the weakest equal to the strongest. It flatters the ego of men who have nothing else to be vain about. Someday "women's lib" will discover this and picket the National Rifle Association. It is high time for some new Carrie Nations of gun control.

But guns alone don't cause crime; they escalate its violence. Crime has complex causes, the commission decided. There has been, for example, a vast urbanization in America with a new criminal subculture in ghetto slums. Crime is not due to race, they say, but to poverty and environment. In ghettos "the realities of American life have made a mockery of the American dream." Bookless, jobless, possibly fatherless, the boy feels the constant lure of the TV set. "By the time he has reached 18 he has spent more time watching TV, mostly programs of violence, than he has spent in school," Eisenhower notes.

In the '60s established verities—country, church, school, home—were under attack. They still are. And it is axiomatic "that in a period of rising expectations on the part of masses of people, followed by a period in which there is little realization, violence is certain to follow."

Eisenhower is just as strong in denouncing the other problem of crime: weak law enforcement. Yes, he says, without qualification, "failure of the criminal justice system is a crucial fact." He would double the annual expenditure here, an additional five billion dollars. He would also ultimately spend $20 billion to fight the social causes of crime, for schools, houses, job opportunities, slum eradication, tax reform.

A lot of money, of course! Repression is cheaper. . . .

So, support the Pentagon and skimp on welfare; bolt your window, bar your door, buy a gun. And stay indoors. In the '40s we "lost" China. But we also lost something a lot more precious, the streets before our homes.

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The Waiting Game

The skeptical view of the election returns is that not much can be expected from the 94th Congress, despite Democratic triumphs. The concerns of congressmen are too parochial and varied, the "realists" tell us; party discipline is too slack, the leadership too weary or too spineless, and anyway the nation's problems are beyond the competence of the Congress to master. According to this "Congress-can't" theory, which recent history does so much to vindicate, the majority of representatives and senators, regardless of party, spend most of their time trying to get reelected and therefore staying out of trouble. It is said further that the new Democratic majority will play a waiting game because it wants to elect one of its own as President in 1976. And the prudent means to that end is to concentrate on investigation and oversight of the Ford administration, putting aside initiatives that divide them and subjecting those of the Republicans to sharp partisan scrutiny. This is what may happen, but it need not and should not. In less demanding times, a waiting game might be tolerable. It is not now. The present pace of economic decline alone argues against it.

The biggest obstacle to legislation tailored to the needs of the country has been the House, largely controlled for years by a handful of stand-pat chairmen backed by a coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans. The wholesale slaughter of sitting GOP members last week will break up that coalition for a season, opening the way for new approaches by a progressive majority. It is not, however, a veto-proof majority. The President's alarms that too many Democrats might be elected were nonsensical, for they were founded on the false premise that all Democrats act alike and will have, or can be made to have, a common attitude toward taxes, trade, busing, conservation, wage and price controls, energy policy, military expenditures or foreign aid. To see how foolish Mr. Ford's fear was, one need only examine how Democrats in the 93rd Congress voted on 12 key issues listed in this journal several weeks ago. For example none of the 11 Democratic senators from seven Southern states, including Texas, cast what might be called a progressive vote on even half of the 12 issues identified. The Southern Democratic record in the House was not quite that bad, but it was nothing to put the fear of God into any conservative heart.

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What we have in the new Congress—if there is the leadership to give it practical expression—is not a guaranteed two-thirds majority for sensible legislation, but a possible progressive majority, consisting largely of Democrats but including a scattering of Republicans. In this connection it is noteworthy that Sen. Buckley's formula for Republican success (more conservatism) was unacceptable to the voters. Sen. Goldwater is still with us, but so is the Washington Monument. The rejection of right-wing Republicanism was illustrated in the defeats of Sens. Cook, Dominick and probably Young, and the reelection of Sens. Packwood, Mathias, Javits and Schweiker. In addition a dozen House Republicans whose voting records were rated highly in these pages were all returned—Whalen of Ohio, Biester, Coughlin, McDade and Heinz of Pennsylvania, Gude of Maryland, McKinney of Connecticut, Conte of Massachusetts, Quie of Minnesota, Fish and Robison of New York and Pritchard of Washington.

On election night Speaker Carl Albert went on national television to declare in his tentative way that the voters had said no to the President's economics and that now Congress would go ahead on its own. But when questioned Mr. Albert added that the legislators would wait to see what Mr. Ford comes up with before formulating a program of their own. Mr. Albert has a great way of taking away with one hand what he gives with the other. Two years ago there were similar rumblings from the speaker and from Senate Majority Leader Mansfield about coordinating Democratic policy in Congress. But once the members organized in January 1973, all such talk died away; Congress went back to business as usual. If the 94th Congress is to do better than that, it will have to begin by setting its own house in order.

Over the past 20 years, as congressional power has steadily diminished, the size of the Capitol Hill bureaucracy has almost quadrupled and its operating budget has skyrocketed from $42 million in 1954 to its present $328 million. Recognizing that federal programs themselves have expanded, the growth would not be criticized—if it were accompanied by a more effective performance. The opposite has occurred. Many of the increased staffs and the myriad subcommittees and select committees that have sprung up to justify them represent empire building; others are publicity vehicles for individual senators and congressmen; a few provide a base for continual campaigning back home. Some actually perform full-time useful service.

The subcommittee boom has had a debilitating effect. Meetings compete for a member's time and often result in legislation whose main purpose is to justify continued operation of the subcommittee. Jurisdictional disputes among committees have multiplied. The new House and Senate Budget Committees are examples. Born out of a desire to provide Congress with guidance on the budget process, these committees are responsible for a joint resolution establishing spending guidelines in May of each year. To set those guidelines the new committees must have hearings. But who will testify? When the subject is military spending, an obvious witness is the Secretary of Defense. Yet he already makes a full statement on his budget to both the House and Senate Armed Services and Appropriations Committees. In addition he goes before the Senate Foreign Relations and House Foreign Affairs Committees to justify foreign military aid. And frequently he is called before the Joint Economic Committee when that body examines the President's economic message. Will the Budget Committees now also summon Secretary Schlesinger? They probably will, since his appearance guarantees the press and television coverage members relish.

Take another example—current concerns over food pricing. A House Agriculture subcommittee has for some time been looking into meat prices and further hearings are scheduled for mid-November. Meanwhile Sens. Humphrey and Proxmire are getting into the act with their hearings tentatively set for early December. At least four committees are investigating overlapping aspects of the energy-oil price situation, and each can be counted upon to go public when it has something that might look good on the nightly news shows. In the 94th Congress, how are such important subjects to be handled, and how is this sort of rivalry for publicity to be disciplined?

In October, during President Ford's economic summit conference, Majority Leader Mansfield and Speaker Albert put forward suggestions for meeting the problems of rising prices and rising unemployment. Mansfield's nine-point plan had merit. But aside from delivering their speeches, what did these two leaders do? Nothing to harness congressional energies. Neither the House Democratic caucus nor the Senate Policy Committee was brought into the picture. Committee chairmen were not directed to hold hearings to draft legislation. That kind of leadership is alien to the House and the Senate. It should not be.

Taxes are obviously an important part of any new economic program. President Ford's surtax, an excess profits tax on oil, a gasoline tax, an automobile engine horsepower tax, lower taxes for the lower-income groups, higher taxes on the rich, tax credits to stimulate savings and investment—all these deserve and in part have already received congressional study. But tax legislation ought not to depend on the whim of Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills or Senate Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long. It does today because the House and Senate membership and particularly Speaker Albert and Majority Leader Mansfield permit it to. As a first step congressional

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Democrats might coordinate the hearings on tax reform, since the interests not just of Mills and Long but of Democratic presidential hopefuls, the party and the country itself are involved.

During the worst of Mr. Nixon's impeachment troubles, opinion polls showed that Congress rated as low in the public mind as the disgraced chief executive. The televised House Judiciary Committee impeachment proceedings changed that somewhat, and four Republican committee members who supported Mr. Nixon were defeated with the losses attributed in good part to their performance during that inquiry. Television gave constituents a vivid report that no news clippings or speeches could equal. Unfortunately that discovery may dim hopes that congressional rules can be changed to permit coverage of House and Senate floor debates—a suggestion to be introduced as a resolution by the Joint Committee on Congressional Operations.

The new majority can do something else. It can instruct congressional committees to take their hearings, particularly those dealing with the economic crisis, out of Washington for part of the time. Unemployment and a public jobs program should be studied in cities most hit by the economic downturn and hearings held before the people who are the intended beneficiaries of federal programs.

Ducking responsibility and servicing the personal needs of constituents has been a way of life on Capitol Hill. Using that approach, 90 percent or more of the incumbents are returned to office. It is the attitude that led to the imperial presidency, and it's time to change it. Given leadership, the progressive forces in the 94th Congress can do it.

Here and There

There were few surprises last week; one was Tennessee, which gave the nation its only new black congressman—Rep. Harold Ford (D) of Memphis. There were gratifying victories; one was the return to the House of Abner Mikva (D, Ill.), defeated for reelection in 1972. Ohio Gov. John Gilligan's replacement by a cipher like former Gov. James Rhodes was a blow—to the unions and to the state. In most races it might be said that as long as a Democratic candidate didn't get in the way, the negatives were enough to revive the broad-based Democratic coalition of the New Deal days. The Democratic governor-elect of New York, Hugh Carey, didn't get in the way and how he didn't is instructive.

Under the tutelage of Dave Garth, New York's best-known candidate handler, Carey dropped 10 pounds, rinsed the gray out of his hair and came out looking like a youngish Irish cop. He seized the "Independent" label, spent over one million dollars of his brother's money getting known, and pulled an upset in the primary. All he had to do then was to ride the tide and he did it well. He talked convincingly about jobs in a state where unemployment is above the national average, but not about how to get more minority workers into the construction trades. He talked about housing, but not about scatter-site housing for the poor. He opposed busing, except as a last resort. So in the end he had solid backing from both the trade unionists and the minority communities.

The returns in New York and elsewhere suggest that the race issue failed to stir the voters. Attempts to use the busing issue against Sen. Birch Bayh of Indiana and Rep. Pat Schroeder of Colorado backfired. New York's Gov. Wilson (R) tried to stem the Carey tide with a noisy defense of capital punishment, the racial implications of which were plain to the average New Yorker. It had little if any impact in the white, working-class sections of Brooklyn and Queens where ethnics of every description had been deserting the Democrats.

The farm belt varied by commodity as expected. Iowa, in the heart of corn country, turned out two GOP House members, but GOP fortunes revived in the wheat belt a little further west. There Sen. Dole (R) of Kansas was the victor, although Sen. Young (R) of North Dakota was edged out. The farm states continue to be the most volatile political territory in the country.

Keep Out

The Cold War seems to be alive and well in at least one section of the State Department, détente notwithstanding. In evidence we cite the case of a Finnish labor union official by the name of Eero Nystrom, who was scheduled to visit the US as part of a delegation of Scandinavian metal workers. The delegation, invited by the United Automobile Workers, had planned to see American schools, factories, and, among other things, take tea with the mayor of San Francisco. At the last minute the group angrily cancelled its tour. The State Department had denied a visa to Nystrom because he belongs to the Finnish Communist party. Communist labor unionists, it appears, as distinct from other Communists, cannot enter the US without a special "waiver," a procedure that Nystrom and his colleagues refused to countenance.

As we understand it the State Department enforces this regulation under pressure from the AFL-CIO. It is a ridiculous rule, considering that our shores are touched regularly by Polish editors, Hungarian economists, Romanian professors and, of course, the Soviet Communist leader Leonid Brezhnev.

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Mood in the Coal Fields

Indiana, Pennsylvania

The eastern boundary of this town is, as the locals put it, "a spit and a whistle" from the first range of the Allegheny mountains, still a bit multicolored with autumn. Southward and closer are the deep coal mines winding beneath the Homer City Power Plant (world's tallest smoke stack) that feeds Manhattan and parts of New Jersey. In the last four years several men have died of massive electrical shock in the plant, several more from accidents in the mines. Countless other fatal mine-related accidents are unreported because the local newspapers don't like to print too much unpleasant stuff, especially when it has to do with King Coal or racial incidents.

A little farther away than Homer City are scores of near ghost towns, like Ernest and Coral. The eerie superstructures of abandoned mine shafts and hills of pink slag over the water sources are the only monuments to the thousands of Italian, Polish, Scotch-Irish and Welsh immigrants who blackened their lungs and their widows' lives to fatten Andrew Carnegie. On the small green plots of grass of former company houses, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren of the immigrants play near old mine shafts. The children rarely play in the abundant streams nearby, because more than 100 years of mine chemicals have long since absorbed the oxygen necessary to support any kind of healthy life in the waters. The drinking water from the deep wells is often as bad as the water in the streams.

Contrary to what many people imagine, not all coal miners live in shacks. Many live in neatly remodeled former company houses or newly built suburban type homes. And they certainly make far more money than their grandfathers ever dreamed of. Yet their wages are nothing compared to the profits accompanying each carload of coal. More than ever, the miners are aware of what their backs and forearms mean not only to this country but to the world economy. The oil companies—which own most of our coal from the deep mines of Appalachia to the strip beds of the West and Great Plains—have imbued a cynicism and hatred of the establishment among the miners, and it's not going to die away during the current confrontation between the United Mine Workers and the Bituminous Coal Operators Association. The miners know how rich the beds are and will hold out for much more than the government or BCOA expected.

As of this writing, it seems quite certain that a strike is coming. Even the very religious fundamentalists among the miners around here—the hard-drinking machismo image of the miner is greatly exaggerated—quietly say that they do not intend to work a minute beyond the expiration of the present contract (November 12). Miners won't be bullied by their leaders or by the White House or by the courts. Recent wildcat strikes in Indiana County are a taste of what is probably to come. The mine worker leadership is less eager for a strike than the rank-and-file, perhaps because it sees more clearly the dangers ahead. Although most coal today is taken from deep mines in the East, the future lies in Western strip mines, and big industry is already moving in that direction. Labor, health and safety costs are far lower per ton if strip mining is used, and in the West especially the labor is often nonunion or at least non-UMW. Too long a strike or too great a wage demand could hurt the deep mine industry and speed the transition to stripped coal. UMW President Miller knows this and has avoided making high wages the object of this year's contract. The emphasis is on high safety standards.

A curious attitude toward the possibility of a strike has been evident. An article in *The New York Times* ("Business and Finance," Oct. 27) claimed that "militant elements in the coal fields 'have to have a strike' to let out frustrations that accumulated through years of autocratic union rule." And the article goes on to say that "these frustrations are aggravated now by inflation's deep bite into pay envelopes and the astronomic profits reported by the coal producers." It may come hard, but the *Times*, the White House and the BCOA better realize that even without the "years of autocratic union rule" these men and their families would have struck. Why? One miner with a 10th grade education told me that if Nixon is reported dead he would expect him to turn up with Hitler's gang in South America. That's why. Ziegler and the advertising types of Nixon's administration and the wasted blood in Vietnam have taught them well. Their fury over what the last 15 years have done to their country and to their pay-checks is a powder keg. The fuse? The invoking of the Taft-Hartley law. Americans in the Eastern part of the country, treated to a mellow late October and early November, do not appreciate how proud and defiant are these men who come out of the shafts with only the whites of their eyes glaring through soot-covered faces.

I've heard miners say that the longer a strike lasts, the more the miners demand. The people hereabouts know the truth of this axiom. The country may be about to learn it once again.

John J. McManmon

MR. MCMANMON *is a free-lance writer whose house sits over a coal mine.*

COMING: a scene from an unfinished play by Lillian Hellman

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The Pentagon Budget

Eagleton's Knife

The House and Senate have approved an $82.6 billion military spending bill, the highest in our history, though $4.5 billion less than the Pentagon requested. The total does not include funds for military construction or the recent civil service and military pay raises. That will add a few billion more.

If Congress as an institution did not diligently exercise its constitutional power to determine what forces the President should command, several legislators did have an impact on individual weapons programs. Sen. Thomas Eagleton (D, Mo.), reelected last week, was one of them.

For two years Eagleton's target has been the air force's airborne warning and control system, or AWACS. Conceived in 1963 as a computerized, flying command post that would direct American interceptors against low-flying Soviet bombers, the plane was obsolete by the time it left the drawing board. First the "threat" never materialized. Instead of building a few thousand bombers, the Soviet Union built only a few hundred, and its fleet has since deteriorated to about 140 overaged aircraft. Second, and more important, the anti-ballistic missile treaty signed by former President Nixon and Soviet party chief Leonid Brezhnev in 1972 made each country vulnerable to the other's land- and sea-based ballistic missiles. What sense did it make to spend $2.5 billion on AWACS to counter 100 Soviet bombers when the United States had agreed not to defend itself against several thousand Soviet missiles?

Eagleton pressed that question last year on Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, who finally accepted the logic of the argument. But instead of killing the program, he gave it a new mission. AWACS would no longer defend our shores against low-altitude bomber attacks; it would be used to *launch* attacks, most likely in a European war. It was a complete flip-flop. AWACS had been designed for *strategic defense;* Schlesinger magically turned it into a weapon of *tactical offense.* To confound matters further, the Pentagon accelerated its requests for funds, asking $770 million to begin building the first 12 planes.

Then, early this year, the General Accounting Office released a report that blasted holes in the plane's suitability for a European war. In March a GAO official told a Senate Armed Services subcommittee that AWACS' radar would be vulnerable to powerful, relatively inexpensive jammers from as far away as 200 miles. To put it in cost effective terms: a $50,000 jammer would be able to black out the radar of an $80 million airplane. Without "eyes" AWACS is useless.

The development of the aircraft has been so disappointing that opposition to the project has developed among some of the employees of the corporations building it. One of them repeatedly called Eagleton's legislative assistant Brian Atwood, because he was conscience-stricken by the book-juggling his company had been doing to understate the plane's cost. He also reported that the company had "manipulated" some of the radar test data and was, in effect, keeping two sets of books: the true set, which fell short of air force specifications, and more rosy statistics to show inquiring members of Congress. He also revealed that the data processing system was too slow and of insufficient capacity to keep track of the number of targets it is supposed to be able to monitor. These were serious charges, which Eagleton quietly passed on to the Armed Services Committee and to GAO.

The information seemed to have some effect. The normally pro-military House Armed Services Committee was the first to act, cutting AWACS' authorization from 12 to six planes. The Senate committee at first appeared ready to approve the entire request. When Eagleton got wind of it, he wrote the committee, outlining his findings on the vulnerability of AWACS. In an unusual move Chairman John Stennis (D, Miss.) held up the bill so the committee could consider Eagleton's charges. When the delayed bill was reported, it contained a committee provision (using Eagleton's suggested language) that required the Secretary of Defense to certify to Congress that the plane will be able to perform its mission and be cost effective before any money is spent on production.

When the conference committee resolved the differences between the House and Senate authorization bills, AWACS turned out to be a double loser. Both Eagleton's certification requirement and the six-plane cut were retained. The subsequent appropriations bill provided funds for six aircraft.

The air force is desperate. To counteract adverse publicity, the service has managed to plant favorable articles in sympathetic publications such as *Aviation Week & Space Technology* and *Government Executive.* But public relations will not allay the substantial doubts that have been raised by Eagleton, GAO, concerned corporate employees and an internal air force document that confirms the radar's vulnerability to ground jammers.

An NBC post-election survey indicates the new 94th Congress will be more inclined to cut military spending. If that proves out weapons programs of dubious value will probably be the first to go. Although Secretary Schlesinger has appointed an independent board of radar experts (whose "independence" at first glance appears suspect), the burden of the decision to certify the aircraft will fall on his shoulders. If he certifies that AWACS can perform its mission cost effectively, he can expect his decision and, ultimately, his credibility to receive close scrutiny on Capitol Hill, at least by Eagleton.

Peter J. Ognibene

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An Oriana Fallaci Interview

Yasir Arafat

The credentials of the Palestine Liberation Organization, generally reviled not long ago as a terrorist band, have been accepted by the United Nations and its claim to political status has won the approval of France and the Soviet Union. More significantly, the leaders of 20 Arab states meeting in Rabat the other day unanimously recognized the movement as the "sole legitimate representative" of the Palestinian people and acknowledged their right to their own national state in parts of the West bank of the Jordan occupied by Israel. The Palestinians are expected to form a government-in-exile shortly, and it too will undoubtedly be recognized by the Arab states. Yasir Arafat, head of the guerrilla organization, has emerged triumphant after years of struggle. The following interview was conducted in the spring of 1970, will be included in Ms. Fallaci's forthcoming book, Interview with History, *and is reproduced now as testimony to the passion that Arafat brings to his cause.*

The PLO will henceforth be able to play a key role in any Middle East negotiations, and states like Egypt, Jordan and Saudi Arabia, which might have been amenable to step-by-step compromises with Israel of the kind proposed by Secretary Kissinger, may find themselves blackmailed by the very Palestinians upon whom they conferred legitimacy. In an interview with Time *last week, Arafat forecast a Middle East war within the next six months, asserting that it would begin with a preemptive strike by Israel against Syria. Arafat may only be striving to heighten tensions, but his prediction could have a darker purpose. Now that the Arab states are committed to his support, he may find it to his advantage to initiate hostilities. Or he may calculate that he can provoke the Israelis into starting a war which would isolate them from the West and further strengthen Arab unity.*

The Editors

Oriana Fallaci: How long will all this last? How long can you go on?

Abu Ammar Yasir Arafat: We don't even think in those terms. This war has just started. We are just beginning to get ready for what will be a long, long war, a war that will run for generations. Ours is not the first generation to fight; the world tends to forget that in the '20s our fathers were already struggling against Zionist invaders. They were weak then, alone facing a strong opponent who had the support of the British, of the Americans, of the imperialists of the world. But we are strong now: since January 1965, the day Al Fatah was formed, we have become a very dangerous adversary for Israel. The fedayeen are acquiring experience, they are improving their guerrilla methods and their numbers are registering a phenomenal increase. You asked: How long can we go on? The question was phrased wrong; what you should have asked is: How long can the Israeli go on? We shall never stop until we can go back home and Israel is destroyed. The alliance of the Arab world will make this possible.

Q: You always keep referring to the unity of the Arab world, although you know very well that not all the Arab states are ready to wage war for the sake of Palestine.
A: We will continue to wage war against Israel by ourselves until we get Palestine back. The goal of our struggle is the end of Israel, and there can be no compromises or mediations. Whether our friends like it or not, the dimensions of our struggle will always remain those outlined by the principles of Al Fatah: First, revolutionary violence is the only means for the liberation of the land of our forefathers; second, the goal of this violence is the elimination of Zionism from Palestine in all its political, economic and military aspects; third, our revolutionary activity must be independent of any party or state control; fourth, this action will be of a long duration. We do know the intentions of some Arab leaders who want to resolve the conflict with peaceful solutions; but if this should happen, they will find us in the opposition.

Q: Thus you are not at all seeking the peace everyone is hoping for.
A: Right. We don't want peace, we want victory. Peace for us means Israel's destruction and nothing else. What you call peace is peace for Israel and for the imperialists. For us it is shame and injustice. We shall fight on to victory. Even for decades, for generations if necessary.

Q: Let's be practical, Yasir Arafat. Lebanon is not eager to enter the war, and Jordan would like very much to get out of it. Let us assume that these two nations opt for a peaceful solution and decide to prevent you from attack-

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ing Israel. In other words, that they won't let your guerrilla fighters fight guerrilla any longer. This has happened before and might happen again. In such a case, what will you do? Will you declare war against Jordan and Lebanon too?
A: We can't fight on the basis of "ifs" and "whens." The government of each Arab nation has the right to decide whatever it wishes, including a peaceful settlement with Israel. We, on the other hand, have the right to return to our homes without conditions or compromises. Some of the Arab states are our unconditional allies. Others aren't. But we have considered the possibility of being left alone to fight against Israel. Just think of all the insults they piled on us from the very beginning; we have been mistreated so long that we don't even notice abuses any longer. I mean, even our constitution was a miracle: the candle that was lighted in 1965 shone in the deepest darkness. But now we are many candles, illuminating the whole Arab nation—and beyond.

Q: This has been a very poetic and very tactful answer, but it does not get at what I was asking, namely: Will you declare war on Jordan if they don't want you around any longer?
A: I am a military man, and an army leader. As such, I must keep my secrets. It won't be I who reveals our future battlefields. If I did that, Al Fatah would court-martial me. Therefore you ought to draw your own conclusions from what I said. I said that we will proceed with the march for the liberation of Palestine, whether the countries we start from like it or not. Anyway, this country is Palestine.

Q: What is Palestine? Its national identity has been lost a long time ago, its geographic boundaries erased. The Turks were here before the British mandate, before Israel. What do you actually mean by Palestine?
A: The question of borders does not interest us. Our constitution does not mention them, since our borders were drawn by the Western colonialists who invaded us after the Turks. From an Arab point of view one cannot talk of boundaries: Palestine is only a small drop in the great Arab ocean. Our nation is the Arab nation, extending from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, and beyond. What we have never stopped wanting after the catastrophe of 1947 is to free our land and to rebuild the democratic Palestinian state.

Q: But we can't talk about a nation without specifying its borders . . . What are then, the geographic boundaries of Palestine?
A: We could start with the borders established at the time of the British mandate. According to the 1918 pact between Britain and France, Palestine refers to the territory from Nakura in the North to Aqaba in the South, and then the Mediterranean coast that includes the Gaza strip until the Jordan and the Negev desert.

Q: I see. But this includes a good chunk of land that now belongs to Jordan—the whole region east of the river known as Transjordan.
A: True, but boundaries don't matter, I keep saying. All that matters is Arab unity; that's all.

Q: Boundaries are important when they cross over into the territory of an already established nation like Jordan.
A: What you call Transjordan is actually Palestine.

Q: How can you talk of Arab unity when already there are such problems between some of the Arab nations? When you can't get along even among yourselves? If I am not mistaken there is a great division between Al Fatah and other movements, like the Popular Front, for instance.
A: Every revolution has its domestic problems. The Algerian revolution also included more than one movement, and to my knowledge so did the resistance against the Nazis in Europe. Even in Vietnam there are several groups; the Vietcong only represent a majority, like we of Al Fatah do. But we supply 97 percent of the fighting forces, and we are the only ones who keep the struggle going inside the occupied zones.

Q: The Popular Front is a Communist organization. You said that you were not.
A: There are fighters of every political persuasion in our ranks. You must have met them. There is room in our movement for the Popular Front, too. The only difference among us consists in some of our methods of warfare. Al Fatah has never hijacked a plane or staged a shooting in a foreign country. We prefer to wage a clean military struggle. That doesn't mean we don't resort to sabotage in Palestine, which you call Israel. For instance the bombs that explode in Tel Aviv or Jerusalem are usually planted there by us.

Q: That involves civilians too, however. It is not just a military struggle.
A: It is, too. Civilians or soldiers, they are all guilty of trying to destroy our people. Sixteen thousand Palestinians have been arrested for aiding our commandos, 8000 Arab homes have been destroyed—not to mention the atrocities committed against our imprisoned brothers, the napalm bombing of unarmed villages. Our operations classified as sabotage are intended to show that we can keep up with their systems. Civilians might be involved, but they are the first accomplices of Israel's ruling gang. If those civilians do not approve of their leaders' policies, all they have to do is make themselves heard. We know it very well that some of them don't approve; for instance those who lived in Palestine before the Jewish immigration, and even some of the people who came with the conscious intention of stealing our land. . . .

Q: I think I have read somewhere that the Israeli respect

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you more than you seem to respect them. Are you capable of respect for your enemies?
A: As soldiers, rather as tacticians . . . sometimes. One must admit that some of their military moves are intelligent and worthy of respect. But not as people, because they always behave like barbarians, without a glimmer of humanity. Their victories are so much touted, but I have my own opinion about their victories of 1956 and 1967. The one in 1956 was not even a victory, since that year they only hopped on the aggressive bandwagon of the French and the British, and won with US help. The 1967 victory was all due to American aid. The United States supplies money to Israel without restrictions, and they also provide the most powerful weapons, the most advanced technology. The best in Israel comes from abroad. The fictional marvels they are supposed to have accomplished on our land should be evaluated with a more critical notion of reality. We know the actual wealth of Palestine: the yield of our land has limits, one cannot plant gardens in the desert. Most of what they have is imported or produced by the technology supplied by the imperialists.

Q: Let's be fair: they have made good use of their technology. And you can't slight their military accomplishments.
A: They have never won because of their positive traits, but because of the negative traits of the Arabs.

Q: That, too, is part of the game of war. And they have also won because they are brave as soldiers.
A: No! No! No! They aren't brave at all! In a face-to-face fight, they aren't even soldiers. They are too scared to die to show any courage.
Q: What do you think of the operations of Israeli commandos? When they cross into Egypt, for instance, take apart a radar installation and carry it back home? Wouldn't you say that takes some guts?

A: It doesn't because they always seek out the weakest, easiest targets. It is their usual tactic which is always clever and always cowardly in that it employs enormous strength on a mission which is 100 percent safe. They never move unless they are sure that everything will go well, and if it doesn't, they never stand their ground.

Q: But they are successful against the Egyptians.
A: Against Egypt they are not waging an armed warfare, but a psychological one. Egypt is still Israel's strongest enemy, so they are trying to demoralize and break down the pride of the whole country by means of Zionist press campaigns aided by the international mass media. They do this by exaggerating every military action; it works, because they have a formidable public relations department . . . There is no difference between Palestinians and Egyptians. We are both part of the Arab nation.

Q: That's very generous coming from you, considering that your family property was seized by the Egyptians.
A: I know the Egyptians well since I attended the university in Egypt and fought in its army in 1951, 1952 and 1956. They are brave soldiers and they are my brothers . . . You Europeans always take [the Israeli] side. Perhaps a few of you are beginning to understand us, it might even become fashionable . . . but basically you're on their side.

Q: This war is yours, Yasir Arafat, not ours. In this war we are on the sidelines. But even as spectators, you can't expect us to be against the Jews. You shouldn't be surprised if in Europe we often cheer for the Jews; after all we have seen them persecuted, we have made them suffer in the past, we don't want it to happen again.
A: Right, and you want *us* to settle *your* account. You want us to pay with our blood, our land. You even manage to ignore that we have no grudge against the Jews, only against the Israeli. Jews are welcome in the democratic Palestinian state: we'll let them stay on in Palestine if they so wish, when the time will come.

Q: But the Israeli are Jewish. Not all Jews are identified with Israel, but you can't avoid identifying Israel with the Jews. And we can't expect the Jews of Israel to start wandering again all over the world till they get into some other extermination camps . . . it makes no sense.
A: In other words, you want us to go wandering all over the world.

Q: It isn't that, nobody should be homeless, you least of all.
A: Yet we are homeless now. And if you are so concerned about giving a home to the Jews why don't you give them yours; you have plenty of land in Europe and America. We have lived on this land for centuries, we won't give it up to pacify your conscience. You are making a mistake even from a humane point of view. How is it possible that you Europeans don't realize it, when you are perhaps the most civilized, the most advanced people of the earth? Yet you have fought your wars of liberation too; just think of the Italian Risorgimento. Therefore your mistake must be willful. You can't even plead ignorance because you must know Palestine well: you've sent your Crusaders here and you've never let us out of your sight. We're not up the Amazon River. I hope one day your conscience will awaken; in the meantime it is better that we don't see each other.

Q: Is that why you are wearing dark glasses?
A: No, I wear them so that no one shall know whether I'm sleeping or awake. Confidentially, I'm always awake behind my glasses. I take them off only to sleep, and I sleep very little.

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NURTURING THE ARTS

A Special 60th Anniversary Supplement

The Spirit of Excellence

Theater and the University

by Robert Brustein

Whenever I hear of another performing arts center being dedicated at some college or university, I think of a scene in Luis Buñuel's early surrealist film, *L'Age d'Or*, where dwarf officials in frock coats, mumbling banalities against a desolate background of sea and sky, deposit a load of horse manure on a cornerstone. Buildings of this kind have been proliferating on the campus in recent years, and the desire to apostrophize these inanimate structures of bricks and mortar, glass, wood and cement proceeds less, I think, from a love of art or architecture than a fear of mutability—a need to transcend the impermanence of flesh and blood, an Ozymandias-like compulsion to display proud works to the mighty and make them despair.

I mean no disrespect for the architects who design such structures, or the artisans who plan and execute them, when I urge that we concentrate our limited reserves of celebration on what is living, human and in motion—particularly when a building is devoted to performance. Put another way, the test of any new theater structure ultimately will be the kind of work to be found inside it. I have seen too many university performance centers, standing empty and purposeless on the campus, not to know that the time to celebrate a building is more properly at the end, rather than at the beginning, of its life, since only then will its hu-

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man function have become manifest.

It may be that I speak out of a hidden envy, because the performing arts in my own bailiwick at Yale are relatively ill-housed, being relegated to an outdated Broadway-type proscenium stage (where student acting projects take place) and a converted, deconsecrated Baptist church (where our resident professional company performs, supported by a few resident bats). Still, I have learned over the years that the quality of a theater building is considerably less important than the quality of the spirit that inhabits it, and not all the technological advances in the world—not electronic switchboards or computerized light plots or elevated platforms or revolving stages or convertible black boxes—can create a work of art when the spirit is missing (it's hard enough to create effective theater when the spirit is willing).

It seems to me less appropriate, therefore, to dedicate a work of theater architecture on a university campus than to invoke the spirit that should preside over it. And the spirit I have in mind is one that has been a little in disgrace in recent years, though it just may be coming back in favor—the elusive, indefinable spirit of excellence.

By the spirit of excellence I mean not just professionalism, though that is implied in the phrase, but rather a certain fanatical and ruthless refusal to settle for half in any creative endeavor. The performance facilities of higher education can be very effectively employed by students for self-expression in the arts—I see real value in that use—but it is my belief that under the proper conditions the university is capable of much more: it can provide the base for genuine artistic renewal in all areas of performance—theater, music and dance.

This idea, which was first advanced by Eric Bentley in 1946 in his book, *The Playwright as Thinker,* may appear debatable today, but 15 years ago it must have seemed totally implausible. Indeed as recently as 1961, in a speech delivered to a group of graduate deans, W. McNeil Lowry—then director of the Ford Foundation's program in arts and humanities—pronounced what sounded like a death sentence on the relationship between the university and the creative arts. He affirmed that, while colleges and universities had the facilities and the money and the talent for training and performance in the arts, they did not provide the proper atmosphere, largely because it was in our institutions of higher learning that amateurism and dilettantism were firmly installed and exalted. He reached three conclusions: 1) "the university has largely taken over the functions of professional training in the arts but in the main, has sacrificed professional standards in doing so . . . 2) the trend is irreversible . . . 3) the requisite shift in the university environment for the arts will be achieved only under great difficulties, if at all. . . ."

Thirteen years later, at a time when many universities have the talent, some have the facilities, and virtually none have the money, it is possible to examine Mr. Lowry's conclusions to see whether they were prophetic. And it must be conceded at the outset that, for the most part, his diagnosis was correct and his prognosis realistic. The problem is not so much that our institutions of higher learning have encouraged dabbling in the arts—part-time painting, dramatic society acting or weekend orchestra. Such activities, as I hope to show later, are not only an important adjunct of liberal education, but also a necessary prelude to serious practice and appreciation. The problem, rather, is that the university has embraced amateur *standards* as a measure of creative achievement, and in so doing has reduced the distance between attempt and accomplishment, between neophyte effort and artistic achievement.

To be fair about it, the university was under tremendous pressure from its constituency, especially during the '60s, to suppress any values that might smack of "elitism," including the notion that the educational process partly existed for the development of taste or intelligence. Professional excellence during this period of student unrest was identified by many as a source of oppression, while a craze for "participation" resulted in the momentary eclipse of the talented and the trained. Education was leveled; the university was evaluated according to its service to the community; the arts were being subjected to the litmus test of social utility. Once again cultural skills were identified with political inequality; once again one heard the voice of Dostoevski's revolutionary theorist, Shigalyov, in *The Possessed,* announcing that since men of talent tend to rise, Cicero's tongue must be torn out, Copernicus' eyes gouged out and Shakespeare stoned.

It was not simply that a few feverish, thoughtless students were using their hatred of inequality as an occasion for disrupting any performance that did not overtly further their cause; it was, rather, that the university itself, traditionally the home for the best that had been thought and created, had begun to lose its nerve about its own purpose, and to question the importance of literature, theater, art and music. Only later would people begin to realize that the revolutionary values of radical students regarding art and the humanities were very similar to the philistine values of commercial society; and that the levelers on the left and the right had joined hands together against the university and the creative arts in a common effort to obliterate all undemocratic (unprofitable?) standards and distinctions.

Does this mean, as Mr. Lowry concluded, that colleges and universities are forever doomed to inspire amateurism, destined to discourage those with a serious interest in the arts? Can these institutions simultaneously sustain the creative spirit and maintain their status as centers of liberal learning? Will a de-

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cent respect for artistic standards be preserved in the university without the presence of more professional performers, more rigorous admission procedures, and more practical emphasis in all the arts areas?

At this time, during a rising inflation and growing unemployment, when most universities are too poor to support their basic programs, much less the added burdens of expensive resident performance groups, and when even the Ford Foundation is considering a 50 percent cut in its grant allocations, there would seem to be no positive answer to these questions. Still an answer must be found if the arts are going to have any future in this country. For I persist in my peculiar but passionate conviction that the university remains the brightest hope not just for the preservation but also for the development of high culture in America. I say this less on the evidence of what the university has achieved, though it can boast of real success in recent years, than on the fact that it enjoys a special position as the locus of youth and age, experiment and tradition, art and intellect, working process and realized results, apprenticeship and professionalism, the possibilities of the future and the heritage of the past. And I say this most of all because, regardless of the derelictions and failures of the '60s, I believe the university can still regain its position as a center of standards in a society that tends to base its artistic values on what is fashionable, newsworthy, novel and chic.

This is not to suggest that undergraduate colleges should professionalize their arts programs, and begin recruiting resident theater companies, dance companies and chamber quartets. Quite the contrary. My own sense is that the undergraduate college can continue to serve, as it has been serving, as a breeding ground for future artists and audiences, through courses in theory and practice, through extracurricular student performances, and through occasional recitals by visiting artists or professional faculty as goal-models. No, it is the graduate schools of the arts, rather, that should be transformed into professional conservatories, throwing overboard such useless academic ballast as degree requirements, sabbatical leaves, short course loads, tenure and the like, recruiting faculty from among working professionals in the field, seeking out talent rather than grades in their entering students, and—this is very necessary—developing a professional resident company with which advanced conservatory students can apprentice and into which they can graduate, if they are qualified.

What I am suggesting is that the undergraduate college provide the soil and climate for the seed that the professional school will later transplant and cultivate. Colleges are equipped neither by inclination nor charter to be professional conservatories or vocational schools, nor should they attempt a halfhearted training in order to please their artistically inclined students. But they *can* provide a valuable pre-professional service by arousing curiosity in a student's mind, an appetite for the arts, and—most difficult and necessary of all—a respect for excellence and a sense of humility. In this manner colleges can function—as they are now forced to function in America—as a substitute for the culture that Europeans absorb quite naturally from their homes and their society.

For it is an unhappy fact of our own society that it is virtually barren of the cultural qualities that other peoples draw from the air, and that is why our institutions of higher learning are bearing such a heavy responsibility for cultural development. In England, for example, a young person makes immediate contact with the best drama, music and literature available simply by turning his television dial to the BBC, or by picking up a ticket to the provincial rep or the local symphony, which may explain why a young man or woman can begin acting training as early as 16 in any of the English drama schools without fear of being unfamiliar with the texts to be performed, or ignorant of the background that might make the performance

Making Art of Aid

Artists are superb political theorists, and . . . if our services had been solicited, the country would have been many steps in advance of where it is today. Consider Vietnam. Any dunce could see the folly of our tactics in that country. The people there have about as much will to power as a basket full of hungry kittens. They don't seem to care anything about freedom, even when force is applied, and that leaves us in a terribly embarrassing position. Why weren't the artists asked? What would we have done?

Well, first we would have sent over a corps of Zen Buddhists of whom we have a good supply. They would have understood those recalcitrant wards of ours much better than have the military. We could have backed up the action with a fleet of battleships loaded with rice and thus helped save helicopters, ammunition, weed killer—and face. Indeed our government might have taken a cue from the interesting use made by the Vietnamese of the first technological aid that we sent to them: it consisted in part, I guess, of some thousands of spools of many-colored nylon-wrapped wires of a highly specialized kind for electronic use. The people saw the possibilities in the wire and promptly set about putting it to use. They braided and twisted it with exquisite skill, turning it into hundreds of little dragons, tigers and gods of great beauty. And these objects could be bought on the streets of Saigon for a few *sous* apiece. You might have thought that the artists had actually gotten there and were already working with the people, but that was not the case. It was their own idea, and a very good one, too.

Ben Shahn

From Mr. Shahn's remarks at The New Republic's *50th anniversary celebration.*

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more textured and rich.

In our country, on the other hand, the TV channels are more likely to be dominated by "The Waltons" and *Planet of the Apes* than by *War and Peace* and *Uncle Vanya,* while the local theater is usually a dinner theater, serving up *Hello Dolly* and *The Sunshine Boys.* (Even our more serious cultural institutions often seem off limits to the young, being populated largely with the middle-aged and the middle class.) That is why colleges have a potential for service beyond the declarations in their catalogues: without changing their function, they are capable of instilling a sense of literature, a love of music, a feeling for art and a response to theater in their students—often for the very first time. The extent of actual practice in the arts, under such circumstances, is a variable determined both by the student's desire and the institution's facilities; but however extensive the craft courses they should never confuse the student about his or her own capacities in relation to professional standards—which are fixed by the finest work currently being done in the field.

If as a result of this college study and practice the student decides to train seriously in any of the professional arts, then application should be encouraged, following completion of the undergraduate curriculum, to one of the several conservatories of training. And it is in those conservatories that the total devotion required of the artist will be cultivated, along with strict attention to the skills, techniques, goals and ideals of the art form. I do not believe, however, that any of these things can be effectively learned in a conservatory without the presence there of gifted professional artists as teachers and role models, and preferably also, as the nucleus of a resident performance company, because the practice—so prevalent among members of the so-called University Resident Theater Association—of creating graduate student companies, even when salted with one or two professional actors or directors, is a virtual guarantee that the standards of performance will be lowered, in the minds both of students and audiences.

Admittedly, the development of a professional resident company in the university is fraught with difficulty, given the economy, the limitations on facilities, the envy of students in training, and the time it takes to achieve ensemble cohesion. But I believe it to be an essential of any training process in America, regardless of the difficulties, and its effectiveness can be quickly measured by the quality of the students who have benefited from it. As for those who say that such professionalism has no place on the campus, they should reflect on the analogy of the medical school, which uses the professional facilities of the hospital in the same manner for training its students, or of the science laboratory, where the professional researcher and his advanced students collaborate together in developing new techniques of experimentation and discovery.

COMING: Richard L. Strout reports from Rome on the World Food Conference

In short if the college provides the hothouse environment for curiosity about the creative arts, and the professional school provides the training in those arts, when students grow serious enough to pursue the profession intently, then the professional nucleus puts the training to practical use, either as a place for early apprenticeship and later employment, or as a model that regulates and determines the thrust of the training. In this manner the university can support that vertical structure that brings the student from embryonic interest to mature achievement, without violating the precepts of liberal education or professional training.

But, it may be asked, how can we guarantee that the professional nucleus will effectively inform the goals and values of the training, considering the difficulties I have mentioned? There is no guarantee, there is only the hope that, whatever its temporary failures, such a nucleus will maintain its stability—and only the faith that, whatever its shortcomings, it will continue to be propelled forward by a tireless pursuit of art. For I have left unmentioned one element in our vertical combination beyond the people and the institutions without which the very notion of standards is a hollow concept—and that is the Platonic idea of art itself, the shadow on the walls of the cave that signal us obscurely how far we still must go. Which brings me back to the spirit I invoked at the beginning—a spirit that, however enfeebled in recent years, has managed to stay alive in a culture primarily characterized by complacency, sloth, mediocrity, security, timidity and received ideas. And thank God it has, for without it we are not alive. As the poet William Blake wrote, during another bad time:

> *Degrade first the arts if you'd mankind degrade.*
> *Hire idiots to paint with cold light and hot shade;*
> *Give high price for the worst, leave the best in disgrace,*
> *And with labours of ignorance fill every place.*

Lest we fill the few best places that remain with labors of ignorance, these words should be written in fire on the walls of every performance center in the land.

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Government's Contribution To Creative Expression

by Michael Straight

I went to work for the National Endowment for the Arts in October 1969. A few weeks later the Endowment hired a legislative representative. We set out together on his first day on the job, tramped through the marble halls of the Congress and came to the imposing door of Rep. William Scherle (R, Iowa). I remembered that in writing about the Endowment in *The New Republic* I had quoted with approval some critical comments made by Rep. Scherle in the course of a House debate. I anticipated a warm reception from his staff, and I was right. From an inner office the congressman's legislative assistant rushed out to grasp my hand: "Always glad to meet the enemy!" he cried.

Our legislative representative resigned that afternoon; I kept up my journeys to Capitol Hill. My visits were enlivened when Rep. Scherle discovered that the Endowment had funded an anthology that contained a one-word poem, "Lighght." Thirty-one congressmen wanted to know how they could explain our funding of "Lighght" to their constituents. I said, in a stumbling way, that it was an old grant, and that our policies had changed. "Son," one kindly congressman said, "everyone is entitled to one mistake. And that one," he added, "is yours!"

The future of the Endowment, at that moment, seemed by no means secure. Two years earlier by a vote of 261 to 130 the House had cut its appropriation from a requested $32 million to four million dollars. At that level it could hardly survive.

In fact from its inception in 1965, until 1969, the programs of the Endowment were shaped by its small size. It could provide fellowships to individual artists; it could help out a few dance companies for whom funds were desperately needed. But it could not offer significant assistance to the institutions that made up the great bulk of the arts constituency. Reading through the transcripts of a 1966 meeting of the National Council on the Arts, the Endowment's advisory body, I came upon a moment when the chairman of the Endowment, Roger Stevens, was called from the room to take a telephone call from the Ford Foundation. The Ford trustees were about to approve grants amounting to $82 million to the leading symphony orchestras of the nation, and they wished, before proceeding, to be assured that the government, with its six million dollar arts budget, was not planning to give the orchestras any support. The chairman and the council gave the needed assurance.

The symphony orchestra associations, as late as 1969, were quick to assert that they neither wanted nor needed government funds. Then, soon after Nancy Hanks was appointed chairman of the Endowment for the Arts, 77 orchestra associations, under the leadership of Amyas Ames, reversed their stand. That decision helped set a new course for public funding of the arts. It was followed, in December 1969, by President Nixon's appeal to the Congress to double the budgets of the Arts and Humanities endowments, an action that Nancy Hanks initiated, and that within the White House Leonard Garment carried through.

In the spring of 1970, when Rep. Scherle was inveighing against "Lighght," symphony lovers in the thousands were writing to their congressmen at the urging of Amyas Ames and his associates. Arts agencies, created with initial grants from the Endowment, were active in every state. In June when the President's request came to a vote in the House, it passed by 262 to 78. In that vote public support for the arts was established with bipartisan, nationwide backing. That same support led the House, in 1974, to appropriate $75 million for the Endowment for this fiscal year.

If Congress took its time in accepting the principle of public funding of the arts, so did the artists. From Shelley to Sartre they had been conditioned to see the state as the enemy. Their misgivings were deeply ingrained. Congress would control the Endowment; the Endowment would control its grantees; government funding would underwrite mediocrity and stifle creativity; an establishment would be erected against which true artists would have to rebel. None of these dangers has, as yet, proved to be threatening. There has been no instance of congressional dictation to the Endowment. There has been only one instance of Endowment intervention in the operations of a grantee; and in that instance Nancy Hanks was careful to base her action on procedural and not on substantive grounds. The professional advisers on whom the Endowment relies for all artistic judgments have seen to it that funds are not given in support of mediocrity. And if support is measured as a percentage of each organization's budget, then the Endowment has been

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more supportive of experimental groups than of established institutions.

In the years of the Vietnamese war many artists were alienated from their government. The Endowment was stretched by that alienation, but not broken. A poet informed the Endowment that the award he was due to receive would be given to a war resisters group in Sweden. He was told that what he did with his money was his own business. Dance companies and theater companies performed works protesting the war. The panelists who reviewed their applications judged them on the quality, not the content of their work. Public programs in support of the arts had foundered in the '30s and the '50s on the tensions that were generated between artists and the Congress. In the '70s both sides have acted with wisdom and restraint. An improvisational theater company was bitterly criticized in Baltimore for urging young children to use words that then were considered obscene. The company modified its approach. A black dance company, performing in the Kennedy Center, presented a work that attacked the Vietnamese war as a white capitalist rampage. Sen. James Buckley questioned the propriety of Endowment support of the performance. The discussions that followed, in the senator's office, were wholly constructive and ended in accord.

The rebelliousness of the artist has never been a central problem for the Endowment. The problem, which has yet to be overcome, is the unwillingness or the inability of the artist, after a century and a half of alienation, to relate in any vital way to the society in which he lives and works. I remember seeing, in a biennial exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, DC, a work in which the artist had painted two very large canvases, and then fastened them together face to face. Only by prying them apart, and thus destroying the finished work, could anyone see what had been painted. The artist had denied access to his work to everyone, including himself. The result seemed to me to be simply the *reductio ad absurdum* of many dominant trends in contemporary art. In turn these trends occur within the larger context of the isolation of the arts. The new study, prepared by the Ford Foundation on the finances of the performing arts, contains a survey of the percentages of Americans who attended performances of professional artistic productions in 1970. In four art forms supported by the Endowment the percentages were:

Theater	Symphony	Opera	Ballet
16	10	4	4

The central question for the Endowment has been and still is: why should all of our taxpayers support activities that only a small minority of taxpayers enjoy? There is only one persuasive answer: the arts hold out the promise of enrichment for the great majority of citizens, and public funding is a means of bringing that promise into being. Today the Endowment is moving in four ways toward that goal:

1) *The expansion of services.* In general the Endowment does not underwrite the deficits of arts organizations; it supports projects designed to widen the range of services they offer to their communities. Thus the St. Louis Symphony sends its players out to strengthen community orchestras in its region; the Guthrie Theater has been performing in prisons throughout Minnesota; the Murray Louis Dance Company presents school demonstrations on its national tours; the Seattle Opera gives three performances outside the city for every one in its own concert hall.

2) *The expansion of audiences.* In every state, painters, sculptors, filmmakers, folk singers, ceramicists, designers, architects and town planners are at work in school classrooms; 1500 poets are enrolled in the program this year. Its purpose is not to teach specific skills, but to develop awareness and motivation within each child. As it gains acceptance, it should help to raise generations of citizens alive to the promise of the arts.

3) *The expansion of the art constituency.* The Endowment has moved steadily to extend the range and the depth of its constituency. It began, in 1970, by offering support to the symphony orchestras. It moved next to support of community-based projects centered in ethnic minorities and low-income groups. It moved on to programs in support of museums, crafts, folk arts and jazz. It offered matching grants for design plans to 5000 towns and cities. Five hundred responded with applications, and 150 projects are now in preparation: in Davenport, Iowa, to reclaim the city's waterfront along the Mississippi; in Reading, Pennsylvania, to determine the best future use for the city's old railroad marshalling yards.

The Endowment has provided direct support only to professional artists and to arts institutions that are national or regional in scope. Local arts organizations and nonprofessional artists have been supported through block grants given to the state arts agencies. Over the past five years the increased funding that the state agencies have obtained from their legislatures has kept pace with the Endowment's own appropriations. So year by year the program has gained in depth. In Alabama for example the Endowment supports no theater companies; but 15 community theaters are supported by the Alabama Arts Council. In South Dakota 300 communities are participating in programs of the state Arts Council.

4) *The expansion of the concept of art.* Created in response to the needs of existing institutions, the Endowment has moved over the past five years to relate the fine arts and the performing arts to wider areas of esthetic concern. Thus panels of professional advisers are now upgrading federal architecture, landscaping, graphics and interior design. Two national assemblies have been held in which leading designers and gov-

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ernment administrators joined; they have been followed by state assemblies in Ohio and Colorado, and the enthusiasm that has been generated suggests that many more meetings will take place.

In these ways public support for the arts may directly benefit the majority of Americans within a generation or two. For our arts institutions the problem of meeting next Friday's payroll remains. The Endowment is allocating its funds, as it must, among a large and increasing number of arts institutions. At a time when services are expanding and costs are rising, its grants are helpful, but they are not decisive; they amount to eight cents of every dollar in the annual budget of the American Ballet Theater; two cents of every dollar for the Metropolitan Opera; two cents for the Boston Symphony; and less than a cent of the dollar for the Philadelphia Museum. These institutions and many more have attained greatness through the contributions of individuals, foundations, corporations and municipal authorities; the Congress is not about to take their place as a principal source of support. The point must be emphasized, for many private donors are cutting back their contributions to the arts in response to the collapse of security portfolios and in the belief that the Endowment can take their place. This reversal of recent trends, if it continues, could be disabling; for as the Ford Foundation study demonstrates, our leading arts institutions are facing deficits that under the best of circumstances public and private support will find it hard to match.

For large arts institutions radical innovation may be the only answer to continuing inflation. The Eastern Opera Company has slashed the costs of touring through the use of projections and tapes. The Wolf Trap Center has joined with Atlantic Richfield in filming its performances for television. The Metropolitan Museum has been hard at work on the problems of televising opera. These efforts call for daring on the part of management, foresight on the part of the unions, patience and sympathy on the part of subscribers. For they may be the means by which many great arts institutions will survive.

Feeling the Pinch

Private Philanthropy

by Howard Klein

We will celebrate the 10th anniversary of the largest power failure in history on November 9, 1975. On that date in 1965 all of New York City, parts of Ontario, Quebec and eight Northeastern states were drained of electrical power and plunged into darkness. The blackout is remembered today only when the lights dim. But if the doomsayers of economic stagnation, population explosion and foodstuff diminution are even half right, we face more than a night of candlelight. The world ills of stalled production and growing inflation threaten all phases of social existence and, as Melvin Maddocks said, "when the economy wobbles, the arts are the first to go" (*Christian Science Monitor*, "Guns, Butter or Ballet?" Oct. 3, 1974).

The arts are indeed precariously balanced. Dependent on gifts to make up the difference between what they earn and spend, arts organizations will be increasingly near toppling. The big questions of the 1970s are can they be righted? and by whom? Few thought to ask these questions in the 1960s when the arts seemed at the point of bringing in a cultural golden age. Lincoln Center in New York had spawned 180 cultural complexes around the country. The New York State Council on the Arts was created and in 1964, the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities. Foundation patronage, grandly led by the Ford Foundation, moved into the arts and the new combination of private, governmental and foundation support encouraged expansion of old and creation of new arts institutions from ghetto communities to university campuses.

The results of this fecundity are now being questioned. It appears that there are too many mouths to feed and too few feeders. It is little comfort to say the problem is *only* economic. There is no qualitative crisis. American artists and organizations are among the best in the world and are pacesetters in perform-

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ing and visual arts including video art. For a baptism in the ocean of economic threats to our leading institutions, you have only to submerge in the Ford Foundation's recent study, *The Finances of the Performing Arts*, a massive, boring but necessary study of income and expenditure of 166 performing arts organizations. The point of the study is that unless these organizations, and by extension the thousands of others with budgets of less than $100,000 per year, can close the earnings gap against the inflationary economy of the '70s, they will have to balance their budgets by trimming services, salaries and other expenses while asking higher rates.

The Ford study's project director, Richard Sheldon, and his researchers tell us that whereas 166 companies needed $62 million to close the earnings gap in 1971, they may need as much as $335 million of inflated 1981 currency. This projection gives everybody in and around the arts something to think about. Debate has not been pithy, however, with commentators writing more about the externals of the issue than of the substance. Robert Brustein has dismissed the $500,000 report as a needless effort "to announce that the only hope for the future lies with the National Endowment for the Arts, the city and state cultural councils, the business community and the 'private sector'" ("The Coming Crisis for the Arts: Who's Going to Foot the Bill?" *The New York Times*, Sept. 15, 1974). But that is the point, and it required documentation to be able to prove to all sides that all are needed. Similarly Robert Landry tossed the study aside with the words, "who will know anything more than he did before, if he knew anything at all, about the non-profit performing arts, after perusing this gigantic and costly report?" ("Ford Foundation's 3-Pound Look at Nonprofit Performance Media," *Variety*, Aug. 7, 1974). One must do more than peruse, but perhaps that is what professionals are for. Charles C. Mark, the publisher of *The Arts Reporting Service*, drubbed the study saying he was "astounded at the immediate and continuing credibility" given it (*ARS*, Sept. 16, 1974, Vol. 5, No. 2). At least Mark questioned the tacit assumption of the report that the desire was to preserve a status quo. He recommended we "relax and enjoy" whatever drastic changes were to be wrought on the arts landscape by the economic crisis.

Assuming for a moment that the status quo is desirable—that we continue to require handcrafting performing arts in a postindustrial age—where can the money come from? The answer is simple: from the same four sources it now depends upon. Only the levels must be raised. Theoretically this is possible in each of the four segments upon which arts organizations rest for funding—foundations, corporations, state and federal agencies and the private donor. The likelihood of increases at all levels is questionable however.

The total gifts from American foundations in 1973 was $2.36 billion and could handily have solved economic problems among arts institutions, were all foundations interested solely in the arts. Such is far from true. Arts grants show up among gifts to "humanities" and this area of giving accounts for a small percentage of the total. Major areas of interest reflected by grants from foundations are, in order of dollar amounts given to each: education, health, international activities, welfare, the sciences, humanities and religion. From 1961 to 1973 the humanities averaged nine percent of the total funds granted, and the arts got a fractional percentage of that.

There are today some 37,000 private foundations in America (based on June 1974 IRS classification records). Of those from 28,000 to 30,000 actually are grant-making organizations and 2400 have assets of more than one million dollars. In addition there are 1500 corporate foundations of which 285 have more than one million dollars in assets. And 250 community foundations or trusts administer a total of one billion dollars in assets.

But among these more than 30,000 organizations only 630 currently make grants to arts projects or organizations. One needs no pocket calculator to figure that if a small percentage of all went to the arts, the Ford study would paint a less gloomy future. To increase the number of foundations supporting the arts is a major task for everyone concerned with the problem.

ut far from increasing, the trend among foundations in the 1970s has been to reduce both total outlays and percentage to the arts. The shrinking portfolios of foundations have caused many to cut back expenditures, with the Ford Foundation's proposed 50 percent cut in all areas the largest and most worrisome in the arts. (One could say Ford had done its bit since it has given about $321 million to the arts over the past 17 years, or more than all other foundations and the National Endowment put together.) Among other foundations to announce grant reductions, the Samuel S. Fels Foundation of Philadelphia proclaimed a 25 percent cutback in the arts because they were "a soft area" ("Big Losers: Foundations Retrench As Their Assets Dip With Stock Market," *The Wall Street Journal*, Oct. 1, 1974). Alone among the retreaters was the positive announcement by John H. Knowles, MD, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, that annual expenditures in the arts would continue at the three million dollar per year average of the past 10 years.

From the high point of foundation giving to the "humanities," which includes the performing arts, when 18 percent of all foundation grants—or $117 million—flowed into humanities and arts, there has been a gradual slide downward, with the average from 1962 to 1974 at nine percent. The easing down in the 1970s includes drops in total giving and arts giving:

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Year	Total $(millions)	For humanities	% of total	For arts
1971	$1066	$103	10	$35
1972	769	65	8	32
1973	716	57	8	27

A fall of arts funding from $35 million to $27 million at a time of zooming inflation is clearly at the root of the economic problems in many organizations and provides a poor prognosis for the future. One reason frequently offered for the drop in arts funding, without respect to the equally serious drop in total foundation giving, is the growth from zero to almost $100 million a year of the combined funds of the NEA and the New York State Council on the Arts. This is an unfortunate if true result, since governmental funds are regarded as supplementary to private money and if private sources are reduced that government support may likewise fall.

In order to prevent foundation funds from further sagging it will be necessary to fully air the problems delineated in the Ford study, urging the 27,000 non-arts foundations to consider including the arts among their program interests; and to convince private foundations that rising funding levels in government depend on continued foundation commitments.

Corporations are recent large-scale arts donors and there are indications they can and will increase their gifts. This source of arts money has risen from $110 million in 1970 to $144 million in 1973, according to a recent study done for the Business Committee for the Arts. But corporate giving to the arts is as uneven as is the receipt of it by arts organizations. For example only three percent of businesses surveyed—those with sales exceeding $500 million—contribute the bulk of the arts funds. The largest recipients were museums and symphony orchestras ("Business Support of the Arts Increases," Alan M. Kriegsman, *The Washington Post*, Sept. 25, 1974). And what seems like a generous amount is relatively meager. Businesses could give away up to five percent of their pre-tax profits but only contribute 1.1 percent. Of that percentage only four percent goes to the arts. There is room for increase and signs are good. Frank Gilligan, the director for development for Lincoln Center, Inc., has said that corporate giving in 1973 was up 70 percent and that it counted for 10 percent of all Lincoln Center funds.

The largest single contributor to the arts has been and continues to be the individual patron. The ticket-buyer is the backbone of all performing arts organizations through gifts above ticket prices. The Metropolitan Opera is the largest performing arts organization in America, with a budget of more than $20 million a year, yet it counts heavily on the approximately 90,000 people who each year contribute a dollar or more. Given all the belt tightening, individuals may be less inclined to support arts organizations. However a Louis Harris survey claimed that 65 percent of all adults would be willing to pay an extra five dollars in taxes if the funds would go to support arts and cultural facilities. That would yield $455 million.

The money seems to be there. Tax revenues as reflected in governmental giving could easily increase if citizens make their priorities known. They could just as easily decrease, since governmental funding is by nature whimsical.

nd what if foundations, corporations, private citizens and government agencies fail to meet the threat posed by the Ford Foundation's study? Arts organizations will surely suffer. The demise last spring of the Dallas Symphony could be a warning. Other companies have closed and this season may be the final curtain for more. We must ask to what extent we are impoverished when a theater or ballet company folds, a symphony orchestra darkens its hall. How many of those organizations dedicated to preserving the arts of the past should be kept? At what levels of funding? How many organizations do we need at the vanguard of the arts? At what levels of funding? There is much disagreement on these priorities but there should be some comprehensive planning among support sources for the arts.

American artists are probably healthier despite their economic straitjackets than are the organizations. The organizations are plagued with the problems of handcrafting and labor intensive practices in an industrial age. It still takes four to play a quartet. But one composer working with an electronic synthesizer can equal a symphony orchestra's sound. And one video artist with an appropriate machine can convert two dancers into a screenful of figures and images. There are alternatives to the economic problem, and one is to help artists create art forms for an industrial society.

The 1965 power failure was an omen, with a negative and positive moral. Such events, like the death of a President, are etched in detailed memory. On that November 9 I was sitting in Carnegie Hall in New York, with a group of invited Rutgers University students, listening to Vladimir Horowitz preview a forthcoming public concert. The great pianist swept through a heroic performance of Chopin's B-minor Scherzo and suddenly, in the last staggering pages, we were all plunged into darkness. The torrents of sound continued to pour from the stage into the black cavern of an auditorium—not a note was missed! A stagehand's flashlight became a tiny follow-spot for the virtuoso's hands in the last upward keyboard rush and triumphant close. I can still hear the cheering in the dark. The management announced, "The lights are out all over the block." Later on the bus one could see it was the whole city.

If the lights are dimmed in our performance halls it will be the public that suffers and is deprived. The artist has a way of going right on.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Buñuel and Renoir

The Phantom of Liberté (Twentieth Century-Fox). Originally called *Le Fantôme de la Liberté*, Luis Buñuel's latest film appears in the US under a hybrid title. (The language mixture is like those announcers of opera broadcasts who talk about Ritchard Vogner.) But it doesn't matter much because the picture doesn't matter much: it's remarkable only because it's the work of a 74-year-old director whose devilish dexterity is unshaken.

In *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* Buñuel spun satire out of the surrealist extension of daily bourgeois protocol—appointments for lunch and drinks and dinner. The passion with which the characters clung to their little routines was the spine on which Buñuel hung their bones. But there is no comparable point in *The Phantom*. It *looks* a good deal like *The Discreet Charm:* it has the same cinematographer, Edmond Richard, and the same designer, Pierre Guffroy. But this new film is just a series of jokes-by-reversal, none of them with social or political point. In Toledo in 1808 a group of Spaniards are being shot by Napoleon's troops. Instead of shouting "Down with tyranny!" as they die, they shout "Down with liberty!" Outside of the surprise, what's funny? Why bother? The film segues to modern Paris. A shifty man gives postcards to little girls in the park. When their parents see the cards, they are shocked and excited. When we see the cards, we discover that they are conventional scenic views. They might as well have been x-rays or perfectly blank, for the simple effect of surprise.

Each sequence flows, by means of one of its characters, into the next. Later some guests arrive in a drawing-room for a luncheon party. They chit-chat, then they move to a grand table surrounded by toilets instead of chairs. Men lower their trousers, women raise their skirts, and they all sit around the table, still chatting. The maid moves about, serving toilet paper on a silver tray. At last one guest rises and asks the maid in a whisper where the dining-room is: she says it's the second door on the right down the hall. Funny but funny in a vacuum, like the Three Stooges as against the Marx Brothers.

Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti and Michel Piccoli are among the actors who do smoothly what they're supposed to do. The script, by Buñuel and his usual French collaborator Jean-Claude Carrière, just doesn't ask of them or the director nearly enough. The contradictions of *The Milky Way* compressed history and satirized angry controversy. But there is no real social anger here: at best only the japes of wrath.

My Life and My Films (Atheneum; $10). Jean Renoir, six years older than Buñuel, has published his autobiography. It's an event.

Renoir, along with Griffith and Eisenstein and Godard, is one of the four most influential directors in film history. Admire all of his output or not, that fact seems inarguable. Recently I tried for the third time to sit through *The Golden Coach* but couldn't make it. Its archness, its heavy interplay of theater and life drove me out. But even when one doesn't like a Renoir film, one doesn't want to make too much of the fact because the man, the career, and the career's highlights are so admirable. Now he has made things even more difficult for heretics like me by writing an autobiography (translated by Norman Denny) full of wisdom, ease, affection, rue and gentle strength.

All that's missing from the book is the whole biography. This is the work of a 79-year-old man, fitfully intense, sometimes skimpy. Some boyhood memories are (inevitably) beautifully rendered; but many details are lacking. On page 180, for instance, we learn of the existence of an already grown son. Renoir's title says he will talk about his films, and he does discourse interestingly on a number of them, his earliest as well as *La Grande Illusion* and *Rules of the Game*. But some are merely mentioned. He says at the end that he has dealt only with the significant ones. Surely *The Crime of Monsieur Lange* was significant? It's undiscussed.

Well, no matter—almost. Most of what *is* here is so enjoyable and rewarding, so perfectly in Renoir's character, that it's pleasant just to see that character continuing. Still, the best way to read this book, I think, is to begin with an earlier one, *Renoir, My Father*, Jean's biography of Pierre Auguste published in 1962, a full-bodied work that contains some of the material in this autobiography seen from a different angle and that provides a solid pedestal on which to base this somewhat more fragile work. Besides, the first book (translated by Randolph and Dorothy Weaver) manifests more extensively what the autobiography maintains: Renoir is a good writer of prose.

Through the countless interviews and articles of a long life, much of what Renoir thinks about film has become public knowledge. In his autobiography he condenses a good deal of it, recasts and reviews it, stating it with the peculiar force of an artist whose career is over and is, of course, unsatisfactory to himself. Also he is disarmingly candid about the contradictions of that career. He tells us that he went into films after World War I, when he was a ceramist, only to make his (then) wife a star, "intending, once this was done, to return to my pottery studio." He was hooked. He says he was initially interested in "American style of action" as against the French film style, so theatrically and literarily encumbered, yet he concentrated on the pictorial. "What mattered to me was a fine close-up . . . Today the actor is the first of my preoccupations . . . What mattered to me at that time was the pictorial quality of the film."

His increased concern with the actor, his ability to direct actors, without slighting his purely pictorial gifts, led

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. Fellini's exquisite memoir of his home town. Already people are comparing the number of times they've seen it. A gem.

Cabaret. Bob Fosse's musical from Isherwood's Berlin story. More shadow than substance, but Michael York and editing are good.

Harry and Tonto. Sometimes pleasant sentiment, sometimes sharper than that. An old man (Art Carney) sees America coast to coast.

Scenes from a Marriage. Bergman's Swedish TV series, cramped out of shape but still crammed with wonders. With Liv Ullmann—or, rather, *Liv Ullmann.*

SK

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Frost at 100: Still on Tour

It all began with Cortes:

Anon the cry comes down the line
The portals wide are swung
A long dark line moves out the gate
And now the flight's begun.

A war cry soundeth through the night
The 'tzin! The 'tzin! is there,
His plume nods wildly o'er the scene,
Oh, Spaniard, now beware!

You won't find "La Noche Triste" (understandably enough) in Robert Frost's incomplete *Complete Poems*. But you will find it in an engaging and provocative exhibition, "Robert Frost/100," a gathering together of 100 prized items that has been touring the academic countryside (Princeton, Chicago, Austin, Berkeley) since May. The show will spend November at the University of Virginia, December at the New York Public Library, and finally scatter its leaves amid Dartmouth snows at the end of this Frost centennial year. As a permanent record of the exhibit, David Godine has published an elegant catalogue ($10; $3.95 paper; $4.50 after the show closes), which serves as a detailed description of every item in the traveling exhibit, as well as documentation of Frost's shrewd head for money. The lesson one learns from the catalogue is that Frost was a great poet and an equally good wheeler-dealer. He knew well how to survive as a poet, and much that passed under his personal hand must have aided his bank account.

The darkly romantic Cortes thing, inspired by a 16-year-old's reading of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, was Frost's first poem in print. You can read it complete behind glass from an April 1890 copy of the Lawrence (Mass.) *High School Bulletin* someone was prescient enough to save. Forty-two years later, after getting in a few nasty digs at *Conquistador*, Archibald MacLeish's Pulitzer Prize-winning epic on Cortes—Frost was nasty about most of his contemporaries—he wrote to Louis Untermeyer: "You have to remember the first poem I ever wrote was a narrative of La Noche Triste at Tenochtilan. It is hard for me not to be jealous of latecomers in my field."

That's Exhibit No. One. Even rarer, I should think, is No. Nine, a droll New England tale (in prose) of a chicken farmer preparing his prize hen for a show—complete with corset and glass eyes. It's from a 1903 number of *Farm-Poultry*, signed R. L. F., and one of 11 pieces on chicken-raising farmer Frost contributed to trade journals, pieces discovered by his biographer only 11 years ago:

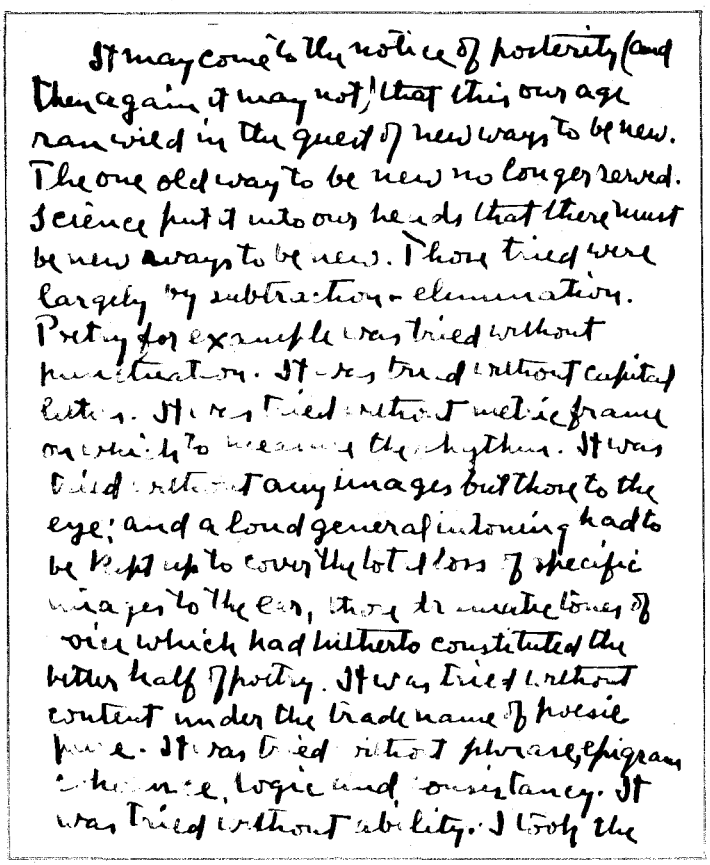
(The Muse takes care of you. You live by writing
Your poems on a farm and call that farming.)

The rarest item of all—how many thousands would it fetch today at auction?—is so undistinguished looking it's easy to miss: a thin, worn brown leather pocket-notebook about three by five inches, faintly stamped "Twilight" on the cover, with maybe six blue pages inside. It's the only extant copy of Frost's first book, a collection of five poems he had privately printed in 1894 (in an edition of two), in an attempt to win the hand of his future wife. Embittered by her cool reception of it (he had made an overnight train journey just to present it), he walked along the railroad tracks of Canton, New York, ripping his own copy—the only other—to shreds.

Other of Frost's early books, booklets and magazine poems on display may tease and tempt the bibliophile and collector. But to the common reader, the greatest treat of this show will be the numerous flyleaf inscriptions written in Frost's own stubby, upright hand, with a thick-nibbed black or blue ink pen: all solid, full of character, still wonderfully readable.

Almost from his very late start as a recognized poet, Robert Frost manipulated his own sales-value and reputation with the acumen of the sharpest of New York agents. I felt mean-minded remembering this trait, as I read over the many manuscript poems he inscribed to friends—often poems not to appear in print 'til years later—in presentation copies of his books. It *would* be grand to receive a gift copy of friend Rob's latest volume, with "Tree at My Window," or "The Gift Outright," or "Stopping by Woods . . ." written in ink, as if to *you*, inside the book's cover. It's almost as wonderful to *read* them thus today, frequently short of final polish. ("Now, you can put in the punctuation," he told one recipient.) But I'm sure Frost was thinking of the future *value* of these inscribed editions, as well as of their charm.

Frequently the inscriptions, or inset autograph letters, tell stories as well. "Ezra Pound acclaimed me publicly," Frost bragged to an American publisher. "Yeats has said in private that the book is the best thing American for some time." He was writing from England, where he had to go to get his first two


It may come to the notice of posterity (and then again it may not) that this our age ran wild in the quest of new ways to be new. The one old way to be new no longer served. Science put it into our heads that there must be new ways to be new. Those tried were largely by subtraction - elimination. Poetry for example was tried without punctuation. It was tried without capital letters. It was tried without metric frame on which to measure the rhythm. It was tried without any images but those to the eye; and a loud general intoning had to be kept up to cover the lot. Loss of specific images to the ear, those dramatic tones of voice which had hitherto constituted the better half of poetry. It was tried without content under the trade name of poesie pure. It was tried without pleasure, epigram sentence, logic and consistency. It was tried without ability. I took the

A ms. page of Robert Frost's Tribute to E. A. Robinson (Godine).

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regular volumes published. Within a very few years, Pound came to represent everything he felt he was fighting against in poetry: verse that he regarded as obscurantist, academic, elitist and un-American. But he was happy enough to have Pound's acclaim in 1913.

One of the problems with exhibitions behind glass is that some librarian or curator has to decide for us which pages we want most to read. A 1930 *Collected Poems* is apparently full of penciled-in dates of the poems; a 1949 edition, the catalogue tells us, "contains a total of 59 individual manuscript entries by RF." In such cases, it is frustrating not to be able to do one's own leafing through.

The exhibit has a gift volume of 1958 to President Eisenhower, with one cryptic handwritten line ("the strong are saying nothing until they see")—a defense, it turns out, of their mutual friend, Sherman Adams. Full of savor is the page full of blue ink lines he wrote in President and Mrs. Kennedy's copy of *In the Clearing*, presented ("O my President and your lady") during the White House birthday ceremonies in Frost's honor in 1962. This and other exhibits bring almost too vividly to mind inauguration day, the too-bright sun, "The Gift Outright" substituted from memory, as Boston paid what honor it could to North-of-Boston, and a Roosevelt-hating individualist Republican paid his own kind of homage to a liberal Democrat President half his age. Before 1963 was over, both New Englanders would be dead.

Some of the volumes and inscriptions resonate with meaning only when one knows their contents, and the stories behind them. The exhibit led me back to my own uninscribed 13th printing of the *Complete Poems*, which I had never before thought it worthwhile to read through; then to the letters, to Lawrance Thompson's scrupulous and still unfinished biography. Frost's dedications to his poor sister, to his ill fated children recall the bitterness of an often wretched private life. Others evoke friends kept and lost over 89 years.

The poems, I found, *were* deeper and wiser, many of them, than I had given Frost credit for. He felt deeply into natural process, occasionally gave expression to his great loneliness and fear, and had sensible things to say about self-driving individualism. But he was right: above all, he was a master-*craftsman* of verse, rather than a thinker or feeler, and the number of perfectly wrought, unimprovable poems in the 300—whether on woodchucks or witches, falling snow or the cosmos, turned out to be awesome.

The only thing that can disappoint me in the head is my own failure to learn to make metaphor. My ambition has been to have it said of me: He made a few connections. Sounds fearfully humble—the aspiration of mere craftsmanship. Never mind. It's fun to give the show away. My head may be second-rate. But I wasn't bidden to have a heart in vain.

David Littlejohn

DAVID LITTLEJOHN *teaches in the department of journalism at the University of California, Berkeley.*

Writer to Guru

Aldous Huxley by Sybille Bedford

(Knopf/Harper & Row; $15)

A poet at the beginning, a prophet at the end, Aldous Huxley may be best remembered for the quicksilver novels of his young manhood which culminated in those sardonic dissections of contemporary and futuristic society, *Point Counter Point* and *Brave New World*. Although novelist—and now biographer—Sybille Bedford knew Huxley even longer than the 20 years she was close to his wife Maria, the compelling figure of her nearly 800 pages is not the towering, sight-maimed Huxley but petite Maria Nys, who came to England as a Belgian war refugee of 16 and married Huxley five years later.

Nearly blinded by *keratitis punctata* in his youth, Huxley struggled with his vision all his life, often depending upon the loyal and selfless Maria to write letters for them both, to read to him and help with his research, to handle their joint business, to be a source of stability in times of writer's block or emotional or physical illness, even to drive their big, fast automobiles or to procure attractive women for his licensed adulteries when his needs were for non-wifely satisfaction. ("You can't leave it to Aldous," she would say; "he would make a muddle.") She kept Huxley going, until at 49 she could no longer conceal her imminent death from cancer. If his work has lasting value, Maria

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is an authentic heroine of literature.

Much of what we discover about Aldous Huxley comes from Maria's correspondence and the testimony of her sisters, as well as from Huxley's own letters. Two years before his death, his home in Los Angeles, along with his books and personal papers, went up in a typical canyon brushfire. "I am evidently intended to learn, a little in advance of the final denudation," he wrote a friend, "that you can't take it with you." The loss posed a posthumous problem for his biographer, who leans heavily upon Huxley's published writings and recorded talks and interviews, as well as on the recollections of his friends and relatives, but who stubbornly refused to read any of the many books or theses on Huxley's work.

There are other handicaps, as well, to Sybille Bedford's very personal approach to biography. Scenes at which she was a spectator are narrated at excessive and trivial length, forcing the reader to pay a high price for her humanizing of Huxley, who—it is true—appears less than human from many of his books. And American readers may be put off by a prose peppered with baffling tense shifts, curious Anglicisms and annoying minor inaccuracies—the cost of producing a text typeset in England and thus exempted from American editing, or perhaps any editing. Inevitably, then, Bedford's long book, a crucial source of information about the man and fascinating reading in itself because Huxley was so complex and absorbing a figure, will be the biography that will make other biographies of Huxley possible.

Promise and frustration marked Huxley's youth. He was the grandson of scientist Thomas Huxley and son of editor Leonard Huxley and his first wife Julia, who founded the school for girls which young Aldous had to attend for his earliest education. On both trunks of the family tree were other men and women of distinction. His brother Julian became a great biologist, and Aldous himself had ambitions toward medical research. But their mother died just after Aldous had entered Eton; at 16 he was afflicted with near-blindness; his father the next year remarried (a woman of 22) and began raising a second family; and soon afterward his unhappy brother Trevenen hanged himself. By then England was in the first months of World War I; Aldous, medically unfit to serve, struggled through Oxford with near-sightless eyes, managing on braille and a prodigious memory. "I am," he later oversimplified,". . . to a considerable extent a function of defective eyesight. *Keratitis punctata* shaped and shapes me."

Family connections and his own charm brought him useful literary and social contacts, particularly Bloomsbury camp-follower Ottoline Morrell and her Garsington menagerie of country-house guests, but Huxley's early poetry would have marked him only as another brilliant but limited young man. For a time his sight limited him, too, in other ways. He wrote art criticism—often brilliantly—after examining a canvas a few square inches at a time through a small, squat telescope. His eyes even complicated his amorous life, as Bloomsburyite Dora Carrington wrote Lytton Strachey early in 1919 about a scene absent from Sybille Bedford's book. "Such a nightmare last night, with Aldous in bed. Everything went wrong. . . . I had a new pair of thick pyjamas on and he got cross because I wouldn't take them off and they were all scratchy. Everything got into a mess, and he got so angry, and kept trying to find me in the bed by peering with his eye-glass, and I thought all the time how could I account to my mother for the mess on my pyjamas!"

Six months later Huxley finally married Maria Nys, from whom the war had separated him for nearly three years. Matrimony—and a son soon after—put new economic pressures upon him, and for years a quota of two or three books a twelvemonth issued from Huxley, one of them usually a novel. When his Peacockian *Crome Yellow* and *Antic Hay* satirized the often outrageous lives his London acquaintances led, he had arrived as a leading limner of postwar cynicism, a reputation that lasted through his masterpiece, *Point Counter Point*. As he confessed with more than half-truth through his young poet Dolphin in *Mortal Coils*, "I am insufferable in my writings. In them I give vent to all the horrible thoughts and impulses which I am too timid to express or put into practice in real life. Take me as you find me here, a decent specimen of a man, shy but able to talk intelligently when the layers of ice are broken, aimless, ineffective, but on the whole quite a good sort." Huxley himself was neither shy nor ineffective, but the equability of his temperament (made possible behind the scenes by the shrewd and indefatigable Maria) belied

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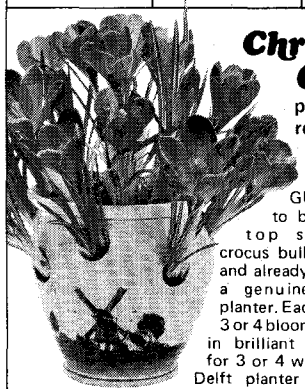

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the sense of horror about the human race that surfaced in his fiction. Optimism about the uncertain future needed an antidote, he thought. "Horror is a wonderful disintoxicant."

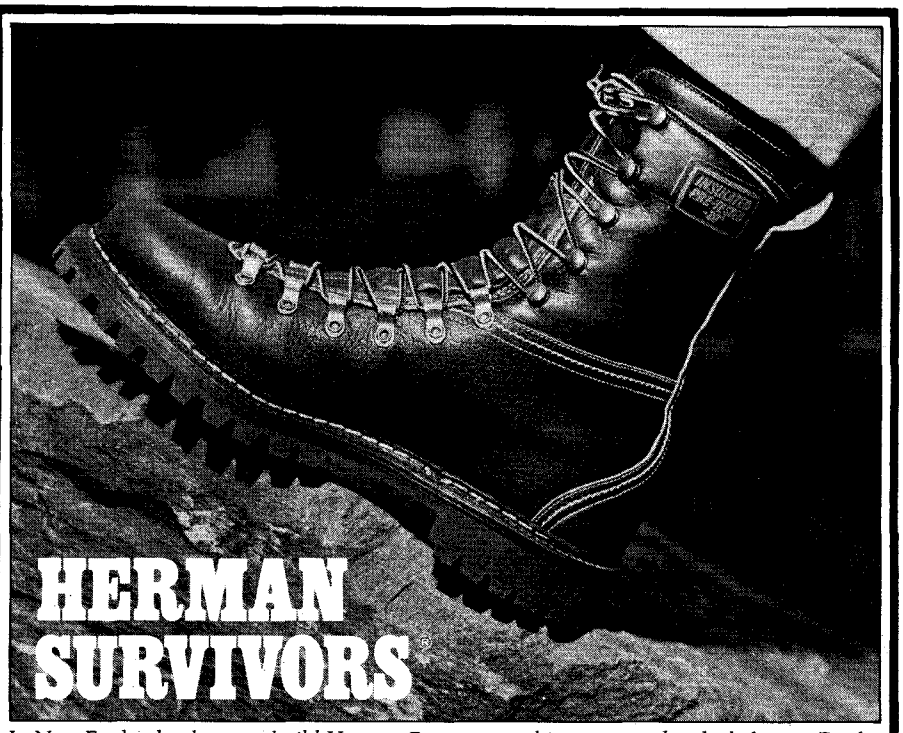
In 1931 Huxley began writing what he called his "Bad Utopia," his visionary *Brave New World*. His multi-book contract with Chatto in London (we learn a lot about his finances from Bedford), which had forced him to intersperse near-hack material with his better work, had kept him largely in literary colonies in Italy and France, where he could live more cheaply and comfortably than in England; but after his imaginative dystopian novel (which sold poorly in the US at first but better elsewhere) his income was temporarily secure.

Peering behind the facade of mechanized contemporary material progress, Huxley had found a warped society evolving. What he had seen changed his life—or at least propelled the radical shift in his interests, for *Eyeless in Gaza*, his pessimistic and philosophical next novel, was more a series of reflections on living than a work of fiction. Huxley had begun reeducating himself by following the regimens of unorthodox scientists and inspired quacks. He altered his diet, his posture, even his way of seeing—and put aside his spectacles. He sought pacifist, religious, psychological solutions to the problems he saw besetting Europe, and wrote innumerable unrewarding pamphlets. He experimented with the contemplative life, with hypnosis (for his chronic insomnia), and eventually with drugs. He wanted to find, he explained, value and meaning in a world that earlier he had taken for granted had no meaning.

Much of the alteration in his outlook came after the Huxleys had visited the US and had settled, more or less permanently, in Los Angeles in the mid-'30s. The climate reminded them of the Mediterranean littoral they had left. Moreover there was money to be made in Hollywood, sometimes so easily that the Huxleys were teased almost disastrously into thinking that they could pick the ripe fruit at will, while Aldous pursued more serious work with his more serious-minded friends. One of the latter was English guru Gerald Heard, to whom Huxley was lengthily loyal (and Maria lengthily patient) and whose withdrawals into extended meditation were predicated upon someone else's pocketbook. Searchers for mystical truth and apostles of advanced lifestyles thrived in Southern California.

Curiosity turned to conviction. Huxley's life thereafter was spent in experimenting with, and writing about, means of achieving greater control over the body and a heightened perception, and in producing such other books, articles and film scripts as would release him financially to do what he wanted to do. It turned out to be far from easy. His health was often precarious (which did not preclude his trying mescaline and LSD). His attempts to create play versions of his fiction invariably failed. His banking upon Hollywood proved not always practical, for there his literary eminence earned him no special consideration: David Selznick (according to Anita Loos' *Kiss Hollywood Good-by*) once called him at three am to say, "My car is at your door. Get right over to the studio."

Other American experiences were often unsatisfactory, but Huxley would not leave Los Angeles for good, even after he was denied US citizenship in the McCarthy days because he refused to relate his conscientious objection to religious belief, a necessity under the infamous McCarran Act. Maria was then dying; Aldous relieved her final agonies through hypnosis—a scene harrowing to read. But he remained benign and surprisingly youthful at 60, the product of his own self-discipline, his eyes improved by Mrs. W. H. Bates' method, his body toned by F. M. Alexander's teaching, his mind enlarged by the mélange of Southern California nostrums from meditation to mescaline. He remarried—an attractive Italian psychotherapist, Laura Archera—and continued to grapple in writing and in lecturing with the paradox that had obsessed him all his writing life—that "the things which make us human are precisely the



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things which interfere with self-realization and prevent understanding."

Huxley's extended essay, *Brave New World Revisited* (1958) led to his last novel, the "Good Utopia" *Island* (1962), as his publications continued to range over what he saw as man's most pressing problems—overpopulation, overproduction, overorganization—and proposed idealistic but globally impractical solutions. He was never a causative factor on the world scene. *Brave New World* itself had been part of popular mythology for a generation, and his earlier fiction was required reading on college campuses; but novelists shied away from emulating his quirky amalgam of encyclopedic essay and *roman à clef*. The environment was not being rescued by his persuasive candor, nor had governments become more responsive to societal needs. Humanity was not being improved by his missionary zeal for a mind-enlarging drug that would leave man—as it left him, he told Thomas Merton—with "an unspeakable sense of gratitude for being born into this universe."

On November 22, 1963 Huxley lay in Los Angeles dying of cancer. His respiration was weak and he was unable to talk, but he signaled for paper and wrote, "LSD—try it intermuscular 100 mm." Laura left the room to ask for advice, and found doctors and nurses clustered in agitation around a hallway television set. Huxley had, in *Island*, suggested the use of a mind-expanding drug *in extremis*, and Laura saw his request as a sign of awareness and acceptance. The doctor hesitated, then consented, and Laura Huxley gave her husband two injections two hours apart. He died placidly, his restless brain apparently at peace. Half a nation away, in Dallas, John Kennedy lay dead, his brain ripped apart by Lee Harvey Oswald's bullets.

Stanley Weintraub

Stanley Weintraub *is the author, most recently, of* Whistler *(Weybright).*

Coming

Louis D. Rubin, Jr.
on
Babe Ruth

Will to Illusion

An Opposing Man by Ernst Fisher

(Liveright; $12.50)

To begin with, the title of the German original should have been translated *Recollection and Reflections;* the author was *not* an opposing man. For a few years of his political life as a leading Communist, he opposed the relatively democratic republic of Austria. But for much the larger part of it, he was a fanatical apologist for the Kremlin, defending every turn of the Stalinist party line, passionately justifying in speech and pamphlet the Moscow Trials down to their last fantastic invention, endorsing Stalin's denunciation of Tito in 1948 as a tool of imperialism, unshaken even by the Hungarian revolution and Khrushchev's grisly revelations before the 20th Congress of the Russian Communist party. After having swallowed all these infamies with no evidence of moral unease, he finally broke with the Communist movement in 1968 when Soviet tanks rolled over Czechoslovakia flattening the first frail beginnings of socialism with a human face. There is something macabre about this. It is as if someone who had unwaveringly justified Hitler's policies, holocausts and all, indignantly turned against him because he destroyed the animal pets of the victims.

Written shortly before the author died, what lifts this volume out of the by-now familiar genre of belated political repentance of former Communist functionaries is its courageous attempt to confront the self he once was, to find out, as if he were questioning a total stranger, how a sensitive, idealistic intellectual who abhorred violence, loved art, literature and life, could have in Vyshinsky-fashion railed against "Hitler's and Trotsky's band of assassins," at the very time when hundreds of his close and trusted friends and associates, members of the heroic Schutzbund, who had fought Austrian fascism and accepted refuge in the Soviet Union, were being assassinated by Stalin as agents of Hitler. Fisher was at the very center of the Communist international apparatus in Moscow. "Here," he tells us, "we received the messages tapped out on the walls of every prison cell in the world; the only ones we didn't hear were those tapped out next door, on the walls of the Lubyanka, the Butirki and other prisons. Nevertheless we knew that the terror was going the rounds."

Ernst Fisher's confession that he knew that innocent persons were being martyred while he was whitewashing the walls of their torture chamber is both striking and unusual. For most of the apologias of those who at long last renounced Stalin have pleaded ignorance of what really went on. Yet they knew. Fisher who was in a position to observe closely leaves little doubt that those who remained faithful, the Togliattis, the Dimitrovs and other worthies of the Communist movement, also knew. Their very silence deepened their complicity. Even when the danger of speaking out was no longer acute, unlike Fisher they dared not acknowledge that they knew. For as Fisher makes plain, to do so is a form of self-torture, almost as painful to read about as to endure.

> *Today after thirty years I force myself to read what I wrote then, confronting my recalcitrant memory with the printed word. If I voluntarily subject myself to this torture, it is not for the purpose of self-mortification but in order to demonstrate the lengths to which a man can go who, though neither stupid nor vicious, deliberately ceases to see, to listen, to think* critically *subordinating his intellect to the* Credo quia absurdum *so as not to doubt the cause he serves and, having thus subordinated his intellect, proceeds to abuse it by clothing the resulting nonsense in threadbare syllogisms.*

In a sense, then, this autobiography is significant not so much in virtue of its political content but because it gives us a glimpse into a profound and disturbing psychological phenomenon that has not been significantly explored. It reveals among those who give evidence of a capacity to reason, a will to illusion in human, especially political, affairs, that must give pause to the most stubborn of rationalists.

There are undoubtedly persons in the IRA and other terrorist groups operating in the world today, originally every whit as sensitive, intelligent and idealistic as Fisher, who have become hardened murderers of innocent women and children in the euphoria of a great cause and who some day, whether in victory or defeat, may also wonder

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about the transformations they have undergone and have difficulty in recognizing the self they are or were. The human capacity for self-deception is limitless. It can spin rationalizations to shield the self from its own accusatory probings. The most common of all rationalizations, into which Fisher himself sometimes lapses when grasping for a shred of solace, is to extend the logic of extreme situations, when one must choose between one's own death or another's, or between the destruction of one's cause, or party, or nation and that of the enemy's, to a whole spectrum of choices that do not in the least confront us with such stark and desperate options.

Most of the individuals who rationalize in this way, as in Fisher's case, do not themselves do the dirty work of alleged historical necessity. They are the intellectuals who lack the nerves and guts to act on their prescriptions for others. Morally this makes them no less culpable for what occurs. Nor does genius mitigate their guilt. Fisher calls the roll of the Rollands, the Barbusses, the Aragons, the Shaws, the Bertolt Brechts who have fawned on tyrants, justified the Moscow Trials and taken a long view of historical murder, not to excuse himself but to share the responsibility. Neither he nor anyone else has so far succeeded in unweaving the tangled web of causes that gradually change generous, ingenuous, open-hearted, gifted creators and interpreters of art and literature, who can empathetically identify with a whole world of imaginary victims of injustice and cruelty, into callow and ruthless apologists for the tortures and crimes of the Gulag Archipelago. To his credit Fisher does not plead for absolution. He realizes that to understand all—and until human psychology is far more developed than it is we are very far from understanding all—is not to forgive all.

Wisdom as well as compassion suggest that one look away from the spectacle of the poet and idealist applauding the hangman. Nothing can be done about those who stoutly insist that they didn't know; the others can be left to their troubled consciences and agonized regrets, if any. The difficulty is that the phenomenon is a recurring one. How can we check it or at least make it less likely or limit its effect? Sometimes even when we are not sure of the causes of an evil, like fires or crimes, we can still improvise defenses to reduce their impact. Since we are dealing with a phenomenon that is especially virulent among intellectuals, they should be continually reminded, and remind each other, that their function is never to become the uncritical laureate of any cause, no matter how exalted, that the vocation of the intellectual, when he has to make a choice between genuine evils, is never to abdicate his critical intelligence, and that even the absolutism and fanaticism of virtue, in a world of plural values, may lead to poisoned fruit. I believe this is what Fisher was trying to say to the readers of this unhappy and tormented book. In every major country of the world, as well as in some of the emerging smaller nations, there will be hundreds who will find in this book something of the story of their own life.

Sidney Hook

SIDNEY HOOK *is senior research fellow, Hoover Institution, Stanford and author of the forthcoming* Pragmatism and the Tragic Sense of Life.

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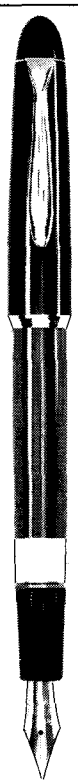

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Fiction or Fact

Tales of Power by Carlos Castaneda

(Simon & Schuster; $7.95)

Carlos Castaneda's new book, his fourth, should transport him once and for all out of the land of anthropological rationality and into the mysterious realm of fiction. The debate on whether the elusive little Latin from California really did turn up a turned-on Yaqui Indian named Don Juan Matus in the Sonora region of Mexico, there to be instructed in the ways of sorcery by this wise old man, has been part of the literary, philosophical, anthropological and head-culture dialogue of America since Castaneda's first book, *The Teachings of Don Juan: a Yaqui Way of Knowledge,* came out in 1968. The mystery attenuated in 1971 with the follow-up volume, *A Separate Reality,* in which, as with the first, the way to self-knowledge under Don Juan's tutelage was gained in part through peyote and the magic mushroom. In his third work in 1972, *Journey to Ixtlan,* Castaneda (known in the books as Carlitos) forewent the drugs and began the task of seeing the world with only an apprentice sorcerer's undrugged eye.

Now in *Tales of Power,* which Castaneda says is his last book on Don Juan, his instruction is completed, again without drugs. The sorcerer's apprentice graduates into his "totality" on dream and guidance only, and sets off at book's end alone, with his two teachers, Don Juan and Don Genaro, receding from his life to become what they used to be, "dust on the road" of his life.

The new book is the capstone of the tetralogy, wrapping up the teachings of Don Carlitos so completely that the other books are not really necessary to an understanding of what he's been up to. One of the teachings for us all is that you can get away with literary grand larceny, even peddle your dreams, fantasies and fabrications, if you orchestrate them under the label of nonfiction. Norman Mailer knows this. Clifford Irving knows this. Hunter Thompson knows this.

The nonfiction maneuver does not diminish the meaning of the work but it unquestionably enhances its market-

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ability in an age when fiction struggles for a place on the shelves of the nation's bookstores.

Castaneda told a *Time* interviewer in early 1973: "Oh, I am a bullshitter! Oh, how I love to throw the bull around!"

Why didn't we believe him? A more genteel way of putting it would be that the man revels in his imagination. This new work is so clearly a product of Carlitos' very special imaginative process that it is difficult to see why there has ever been any doubt about the fakery of his pose as a nonfictionist.

But really, it isn't entirely fakery, only a rare man's way of hedging the bet of his life. Carlitos, who once thought he was a student and wrote his first book as a doctoral thesis, is unquestionably a teacher. His books are as didactic as Plato's and just as fat with instructional dialogue. His Don Juan, who constantly tells Carlitos to end his own internal dialogue, is as garrulous as Jonathan Winters and just as fractured by his own jokes. And yet if Castaneda is not about to inseminate Western culture with a vision of how it really is, he is at least on the cusp of twisting its head a few millimeters. He is a cult figure now, especially with the young but not exclusively so, approaching Hesse, Vonnegut, Golding and Salinger. You think he's popular this year? Wait till next.

Remember *Franny and Zooey?* That finely honed little pair of short stories was as didactic as anything ever wrought by an American writer, including Dale Carnegie's and Norman Vincent Peale's combined *oeuvres.* Salinger was setting us up for a guru, the noted but still unfulfilled Seymour Glass, who according to his siblings had all the answers to how to get on in this world and maybe the next half dozen too. Jesus, Epictetus, Emerson, Zen. Put them all together you get Jeez, Seymour.

Salinger fattened his bundle and both enhanced and diminished his literary reputation with his *Franny and Zooey* self-help didacticism; and Carlitos, so says his agent, either is or will be a millionaire from his books. Such is the contemporary addiction to random wisdom.

What wisdom does Carlitos come to in this final episode of the quartet? First he goes out to one of those notable "power spots" where things happen, finds a murmuring shadow that looks like a man but turns out to be a moth and is really only his opening encounter with the "nagual," a presumably Mexican word for all the unknown and indescribable elements of life. Getting to know the nagual is the key to sorcery, for it is the means of controlling the "tonal" (another presumably Mexican word) which is all that is rational and knowable in life. The point: most of us live and drown in the tonal's rationality. But if we can divide ourselves, if we can visit the nagual without being killed by its terrors or seduced by its sublimity, we will then be able to move in and out of dreams and fantasy, and the surreal phase of our existence will balance the oh-so-deadly real stuff. This will, in time and with practice, and with the opening of the bubble of perception, permit us to achieve the totality of ourselves.

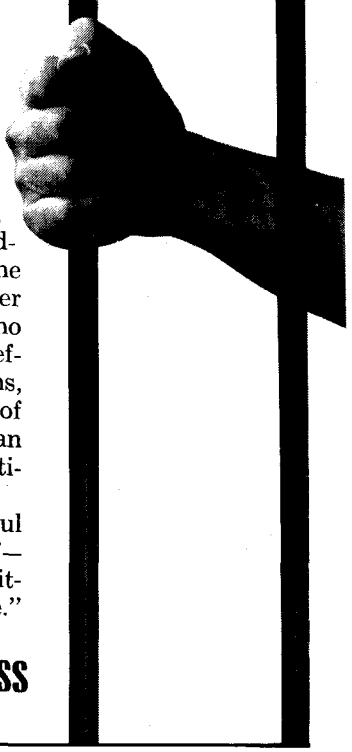
We get there, says Carlitos, by seeing in a special way what few others see, by dreaming, by will, by stopping our internal dialogue. We get there by learning to end our self-pity and by taking responsibility for what we have done. We get there by eliminating our past as a source of anxiety and by living in the present, by being in touch with all the fine detail of life that those who wallow in their own grief or exhausted past histories never can appreciate.

The message is at times very like Thornton Wilder's in *Our Town.* It is also like Salinger invoking Zen to urge us not to seek rewards for our work. The direction is blessedly free from moral stricture (we are admittedly dealing in the black magic of the spirit), free also from sex (there are no significant women in this book), and free from any worldly temptation except that of slipping back into the muck and dreck of reason. Reason alone, says Carlitos-Juan, is slow death. Of course death, if we only knew it, is the way to life. Death is that solitary set of headlights behind us on the highway, always following us. The only way we'll ever know we're alive is if we realize death is going to overtake us at any moment.

Being so full of such bromidic salvation, it would seem the book is useless. But Castaneda has the skills of a superb but flawed novelist. He has structured his philosophy novelistically and structured it with great care. For instance, before he fully advises us how to split ourselves, and how to dream ourselves into the nagual, he conjures up a "magical" event for Carlitos to experience—seeing himself sleeping in two different places, witnessing two separate sets of events. He is thus able to transcend space and time, which his teachers, Don Juan and especially Don Genaro, are so adept at doing. Don Genaro leaps

THE FUTURE OF IMPRISONMENT

NORVAL MORRIS



An eminent criminologist offers ideas on imprisonment which will, he hopes, "help to carry discussion beyond the present polar dogmatisms of the punishers of crime, with their mindless reliance on the prison, and the curers of criminals, with their boundless confidence in the enforceability of the Sermon on the Mount." He urges a proper definition of who should go to prison and who should not. He discusses the corruptive effects of compulsory rehabilitative programs, the need to amend the present systems of parole and plea-bargaining. He outlines an operational design for a prison for repetitively violent criminals.

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up and down canyons, walks upside down on trees.

By book's end it is clear that Carlitos is not really talking about magic at all; that the whole work is, like that dual sleeping scene, an elaborate and admirably detailed metaphor with the aim of guiding the reader out of the humdrum and into self-awareness. The magical events are no further out of our reach than our next wilfully weird daydream.

It has been said that Castaneda has dressed out his Mexican spirit world as thoroughly as Faulkner detailed Yoknapatawpha County, a ridiculous thing to say. Castaneda's strength is in pictorializing his philosophy with surreal metaphors. But when he begins to detail a man, or a real cabin, or a city park, he is as ill at ease as a brick mason trying to point up gold leaf on the Taj Mahal. His dialogue is fluid but often gawky, acceptable finally because you don't believe he's even trying to simulate reality. The behavior of Don Juan and Carlitos is so thinly and repetitiously imagined when they are not involved in dialogue or dream, that it would earn the author a revoked passport to any decent creative writing class. Don Juan does almost nothing but laugh at all that Carlitos says. Carlitos spends his time taking notes or dropping his notebook or pencil. Don Juan laughs when he drops it. Carlitos takes notes on Don Juan laughing. Don Juan then laughs at that and Carlos drops his book again. Don Juan doubles up in glee. Carlos picks up his book and makes a note of the glee. Don Juan slaps his thigh and chuckles.

This is a serious drag until you stop faulting him for inadequate anthropological definition and let him carry on with his plot. That plot, wherever it began in his personal life, whether on some mushroom orgy in a Los Angeles apartment or a spooky walk along some dusky chaparral in Mexico, has turned into something nifty for a great many people. Who can object to wising up the human race? If Richard Nixon had read Castaneda he'd know that not all artists are Jews. Too late for that, but Carlitos is still here for all the unborn and not-yet-undone.

The way to his secrets is not easy. You have to wade through a lot of silly prose. But when you get there you like Castaneda for all his effort. He is as welcome as any other novelist who gives his whole being to his books. He really doesn't know any more than any of the other would-be wise men among us, but he thinks he does. And that determines what winds up on our bookshelves.

William Kennedy

WILLIAM KENNEDY's Legs, *a novel about Jack Diamond, will be published in the fall by Coward-McCann Geoghegan.*

Political Fury

Angela Davis
An Autobiography
(Random House; $8.95)

I note on the jacket of this book that Angela Davis was born 10 days after I was. By an embarrassingly slim margin, that makes me her elder. I felt something like a proud, anxious elder brother as I read her autobiography. Her look backward takes in her childhood in Birmingham's black lower middle class, where the seeds of radicalization were planted as she saw neighbors' homes bombed, black children's education scandalously neglected, and bitter social spite swallowed like daily bread.

In Davis' narrative we are swept along with her to high school in New York (where at age 15 she discovered Marxist thought and knew almost at once that it was for her), to student days at Brandeis, to graduate study in Frankfurt, Germany, doctoral work in California under Herbert Marcuse, her appointment in philosophy at UCLA, to dismissal by the university board of regents, to flight from the FBI as one of its 10 most wanted fugitives, her arrest and imprisonment in New York, 16-month confinement awaiting trial in California on conspiracy, kidnapping and murder charges, acquittal. All of this before reaching 30. My temptation is to take a deep breath and then review Angela's life rather than her book. What do I have to show for my 10-day head start?

It turns out that this is less an autobiography than a preliminary probe of her own fiber, her humble realization that she is made of stern stuff. Davis elaborates on this discovery in the context of her prison experiences, and concludes that her only possible response to our system of criminal justice is to dismantle it: she is eloquent, tough and stubborn in her moral integrity. Both her New York confinement and her 16-month California ordeal are painful, unanswerable testimony to her inner strength and her power to inspire political resistance in others.

Soon after her arrival in jail other inmates, knowing Angela was among them, were emboldened by her presence into organizing, protesting and talking back to their keepers. The horrors of the penal system, the racist treatment it embodies, the wild screams, despair and rotting lives that are *really* locked up in those cells so the rest of us won't have to ask why—all this provides Davis with a proper target for her rage. The story needs telling, and she tells it powerfully and well.

I'm deeply respectful of the descriptive problems she faced, because some of the events she narrates I saw first hand. I was a student at UCLA while she waged her battle to continue teaching there, and before she arrived had earned some black activist scars of my own. Her presence on campus was electrifying. I'll never forget cutting class to sneak into her packed lectures on "Recurring Philosophical Themes in Black Literature" and being enthralled at the rigor and range of her mind.

It's when she moves away from hard, stark issues that the book falters. I also heard (and heard tell of) Angela when she took to the political rostrum. While she was a generous political battler—always stressing the plight of others more than her own—as an on-the-lines rouser she was often less than stirring. The rhetoric sounded hackneyed, the terms were not fresh, and one didn't feel the riveting quality of mind that could be heard in her lectures and in her political speeches.

A similar failing, on the intellectual and analytical plane, pervades her book. She has taken a rather narrow approach, propping up this account of her life with tract-like doctrine, reprising speeches, listing political debts and settling old movement scores. She is conscious of class conflict at seven and cannily unmasking the evils of the profit motive at 15, which doesn't sound like reminiscence. Why did these things happen to *this* woman, we keep asking, and get only partial answers.

There isn't a sharp enough sense of history in these pages, either the immediate history she is surviving and trying to change, or a place in the continuum at the end of a long line of forebears. She tells us, for instance, that

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just before making her final decision to join the Communist party, she reread Lenin, and also took a look at the writing of W.E.B. Du Bois around the time he made the same decision. She joined, but she fails to tell us what Du Bois said. What were his reasons and how did they clarify her own? (He was past 90 when he finally took that step; she was in her mid-20s.) She writes as if she were in a vacuum; there is no sustained discussion of how she thinks an onslaught on capitalist power ought to proceed.

She speaks as a black intellectual, but reading this book you'd never know that other black intellectuals in America have made similar decisions to ally themselves with the party and then, for reasons they've amply documented, eventually came to have serious reservations about their choice. She neglects the experiences of men like Richard Wright and Ralph Ellison. How is her case like or unlike theirs? One would relish hearing her response to the critique of the role of blacks in the party by Harold Cruse in *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*. The book isn't mentioned; indeed she has very little to say about her reading in any case, or how she fared under Marcuse's tutelage. Instead of an exploration of the development of her political thought, she contents herself with romantic posturing—in effect, with challenging the capitalist monolith to put up its dukes, avowing that her Marxist dad can lick anybody on the ideological block.

One would have thought that if anyone possessed the theoretical equipment to provide an in-depth situation-based discussion of what the black left accomplished in the '60s and where the movement ought to go from here, it would be Davis. But her discussions, such as they are, of Carmichael, Cleaver, Newton and cultural nationalist Ron Karenga rarely grapple with these men's theory or practice. Purely, and scantily, descriptive, she offers little analysis and thus has botched a splendid opportunity.

It may be more correct to say, bypassed. I can only speculate, but I think the book is ill timed. It doesn't crackle with the convictions of a woman with a world to win. Perhaps she shouldn't have undertaken her life story at 30, though one can understand why she wanted to try. But no one should make the mistake of writing her off at 30. Like many of us of her age, she may still be something of a mystery to herself; major pieces of her puzzle still may not have fallen into place. From my 10 days' vantage point, that's the only explanation for this book's limitations I can come up with.

Ivan Webster

IVAN WEBSTER *is on the staff of* Time.

Fine Print

Nobels, Captive Voices, etc.

Doris Grumbach

Recent Awards: The Nobel Prize, most coveted international award, has withstood the accusation of politics or expediency, although the suspicion has been abroad for some time that the literature prize "revolved," going from one country to another regardless of the pressing merit of any given candidate. This year Saul Bellow and Vladimir Nabokov were much-discussed candidates, but the award went instead to Harry Martinson and Eyvind Johnson. The *Times Literary Supplement* of London calls them "perhaps the internationally least known recipients of the Nobel Prize for Literature since it was shared by S.Y. Agnon and Nelly Sachs eight years ago." So unknown are they in this country that the Swedish Consulate General sent the press "information" sheets, from which I learn that both men are in their 70s, as well as much of the following information:

Eyvind Johnson has written more than 40 novels and collections of short stories since 1924, three of which are translated into English: *Return to Ithaca* (1952), *1914* (1970), *The Days of His Grace* (1970). Only the last is still in print in the US. Twayne, of all US publishers, is the only one to have a full volume of criticism on Johnson, in its World Authors Series (1972).

Harry Martinson has written 20 or more novels, collections of stories, poetry and essays, as well as a lengthy cycle of 103 poems, *Aniara*, which "depicts man's situation on earth, analyzed as a voyage on a spaceship carrying 8,000 humans away from a radiation-destroyed earth." In 1963 Knopf published an English translation of this work, but it is now out of print. Three other works, all autobiographical, have been translated into English; only one of these, *The Road*, was published here (Reynal); it too is out of print.

Both men have "clean" political histories: opposing nazism, critical of Swedish neutrality, and consistently anti-Communist. Martinson's best work, *Cape Farewell, TLS* points out, was translated into English in 1934, its author acclaimed "a genius" by the *Manchester Guardian*. Sadly, his publisher had misspelled his name on the title page of the book.

TLS says those familiar with the work of the two men find them worthy recipients, in contrast to *New York Times* reports of "astonishment" on the part of Swedish critics who were also said to be "aghast" and uncomprehending at the announcement of the award. *TLS'* editor, John Gross (one assumes), called this "niggling and ungenerous local reaction," and applies to it the term *Kungliga svenska avundsjukan* or "Royal Swedish Envy." Ingmar Bergman, Ingrid Bergman, Ingemar Johansson, all suffered similarly from this

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prophet-without-honor response at home.

A formal launching last week of **Captive Voices** (Schocken; $10.95, $1.45 paper), the report of the Commission of Inquiry into High School Journalism, disclosed some newly gathered facts about official censorship over high school newspapers. Convened by the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial, founded in 1968 to assist programs "for the young and poor that address poverty, discrimination and civil liberties," the commission of more than 20 professional journalists, lawyers, educators and students held six formal public hearings during the spring of 1973. They sent out four surveys, in various other ways gathered data to determine: if the American high school press lacks freedom, if this lack of freedom is accepted by students and administrators and teachers as a routine part of the school process, if students, as a result of pressures, are *self*-censored? The answers to all these questions were yes.

Do members of racial, cultural and ethnic minorities have free access to high school journalism? Findings indicate they do not. Is there any sign that the established media—print or electronic—encourages high school journalism? No, in fact many editors surveyed indicated that "they favored restraints on First Amendment rights as they applied to high school journalists."

The book summarizes all these findings and has sparked, according to spokesmen for the commission and the book at the National Press Club luncheon, some follow-up activities. The commission's findings are being discussed regionally with professional journalists; workshops for student journalists are now being set up; and media sponsored local awards for outstanding and courageous high school journalism have been established.

Journalists at the luncheon wondered if it might not be a healthy or at least a realistic experience for young journalists to be censored as preparation for working professionally. And there was serious interest in the problems the volume reveals, a new awareness of violations of the First Amendment in secondary school publishing.

Next Week

Fine Print
examines the best
of the
Christmas book offerings

The publishing phenomenon of the year surely is **Jerico,** an enormous volume of drawings and paintings by Hubert Shuptrine with text by James Dickey. Its contents will be reviewed by Jonathan Yardley in these pages, but I want to acquaint you with some of the astonishing facts about the book:

► It is published by Oxmoor House, a publishing house that is part of *Progressive Farmer. PF* was founded in 1866 and now has 1.4 million subscribers. Connected to the parent company is an urban magazine called *Southern Living,* 1.2 million subscribers. Both publications are based in Birmingham, Alabama. Oxmoor is three years old, had six books on its list in 1973, one of which was a cookbook, *Our Best Recipes,* which sold 300,000 copies.

► *Jerico* weighs seven pounds, sells now for $39.95; after Christmas it will be $60.

Now brace yourself for this: the print order for this larger-than-a-coffee-table book was 150,000, every copy of which was numbered—mine is 95,653. This is the *first* edition; and the order is now up 8000 or more to 158,000, with 3000 coming in one day last week. Most orders have come, or came in the beginning, from direct mail addressed to *PF* and *SL* subscribers, but now orders are pouring in from bookstores all over the world.

The small publishing house intended to publish a first order of 20,000 copies, but had purchased a large amount of the special paper on which the book is printed. But in late spring it began to receive "good vibes" (and many orders) at the ABA convention and decided to "go for broke" on the book. Its direct-mailing advertising had been 2.6 million pieces with a phenomenal return; the Book of the Month Club took it as a gift offering for January 1975.

► Now Oxmoor is so flooded with orders that its copies are bogged down in the bindery in Rutherford, NJ, which can turn out only 2800 books a day.

► Asked about this unheard-of price differential before and after Christmas, Betty Ann Jones, advertising and sales promotion manager, says that the company, unsure of itself, wanted to make the book as attractive as possible so it would sell at once. She confesses to having been nervous about "having a single copy left after Christmas," but is nervous no longer.

► How to account for the success? The name of Dickey on the cover, for one thing, the extraordinary Andrew-Wyeth-like, somewhat sentimental, appeal of the illustrations to "lovers of the South," says Mrs. Jones, and a growing consciousness and love of the South among readers and book-buyers.

► The 38-year-old painter has sold all the originals from the book, the paintings for about $15,000 each.

► The company will publish reproductions of the paintings later in a limited edition.

Everybody is enriched by a book that logic and knowledge of the way publishing goes these days would have warned them not to publish. So much for predictability.

Book exhibits at conventions are always good indications of what is being "pushed." Recently at the combined meeting in Washington of the **American Academy of Religion,** the **Society of Biblical Literature,** and the **Society for the Scientific Study of Religion,** were heard such catchily titled papers as "A Votive Mouse in the Iron Age 1: Sanctuary at Ai," and "Computerized Attempt to Define 'Puritan' and 'Anglican.'" *Winesburg, Ohio,* Frederick Buechner, Elie Wiesel, John Updike's Harry Angstrom, and Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* were talked about theologically. I wandered through 20 or so booths displaying the wares of religious book publishers. Three booths were given over to the religious publications of Harper & Row, by far the richest and most varied exhibit. I talked briefly to Marie Cantlon, advertising manager for H&R, and heard about the promising list of books to come in the spring. On the other hand the products of the houses exclusively religious seemed cut back and slender. One did not want to ask: how are you doing? because the answer seemed clear. Religious publishing is suffering from the major malaise of the publishing industry as a whole, and from the minor illness of the recession in religious church attendance and interest in orthodox religious subject matter in general.

Correction: a sentence in the first paragraph in Stanley Weintraub's review of Catherine Drinker Bowen's new book (November 2, 1974) should have read: "but the books that followed had the integrity . . . " A printer's error substituted the word "and" for "had."

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Kauffmann, *from page 22*

to the development in his style that made him so influential: the principle of deep focus and the continuing shot, as distinct from the principle of montage, of assembled shots, that had been so influential since Eisenstein and the latter's American master, Griffith. The origin of Renoir's method was an interest in the *actor:* "to avoid fragmentation, and by means of longer-playing shots to give the actor a chance to develop his own rhythm in the speaking of his lines." He followed actors with his camera, or/and he let them move in and out of shots at differing planes, instead of snapping shorter fragments of their work in front of us that affect us with combinations rather than single units. Or, as some of us have said, Renoir's use of deep focus and the continuing shot was fundamentally an attempt to fuse the esthetics of the stage—the fixity of frame—with the cinema's urge to keep adding frames and discrete images. He wanted to restore the theater to film without injuring the intrinsic quality of film itself.

Renoir's visual gifts are apparent in his writing; his images of the people he knew are striking—early friends and colleagues, as well as Robert Flaherty and Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin and Darryl Zanuck. Like his father, Renoir sees through a highly particularized vision. (The funniest portrait I know is the older Renoir's painting of Wagner in the Jeu de Paume: the composer is made to look almost as soft and fetching as one of the painter's female models.) It's extraordinary to see Hollywood figures in what is almost *belle epoque* light.

Concede the somewhat short-winded feeling toward the end of the book. Concede the occasional lapse into—let's call it—café philosophy. ("I will give you my definition of art: art is 'making.' The art of poetry is the art of making poetry. The art of love is the art of making love.") This is a book to put next to *Bergman on Bergman* and Dovzhenko's *Selected Writings* as further testimony of the pleasures and torments of the fine filmmaker's life.

The photographs are exceptionally good, but the publisher has made one mistake. The wonderful portrait by Richard Avedon on the front and back of the jacket ought to have been included in the book itself. If the jacket is torn or discarded, the best of the pictures will be lost.

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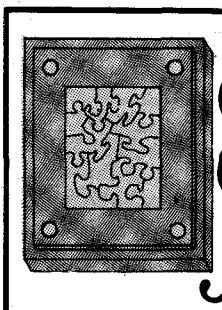

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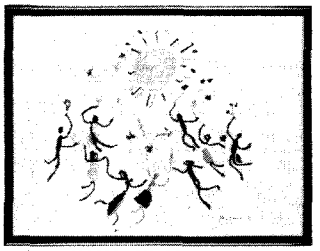

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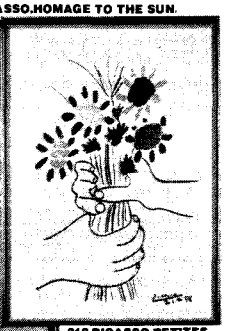

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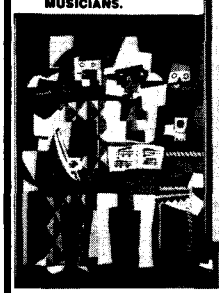

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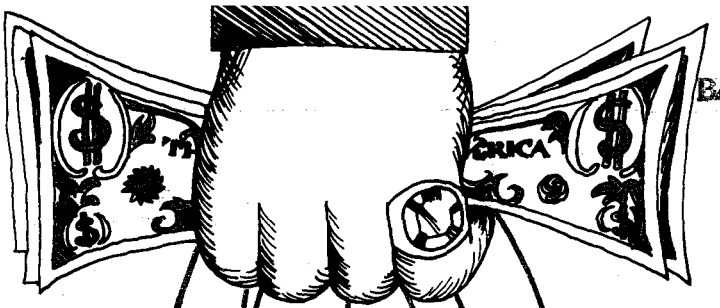

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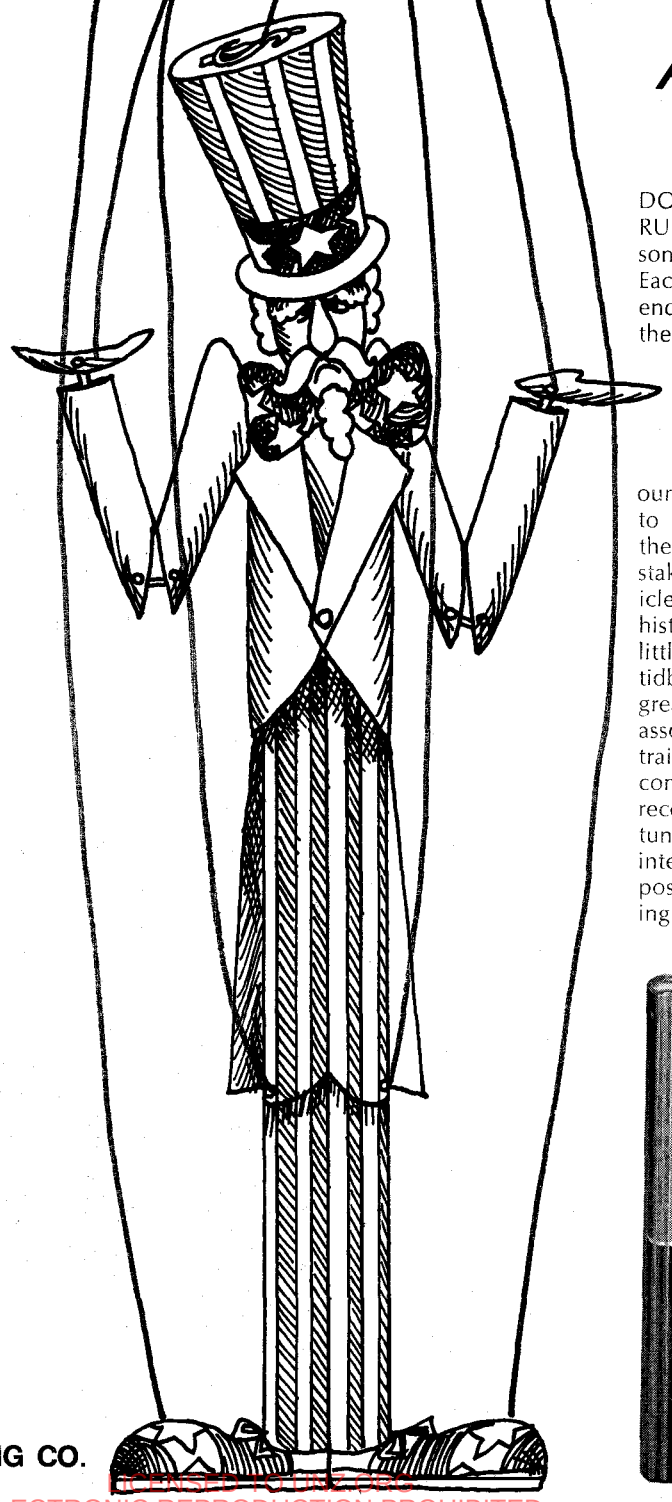

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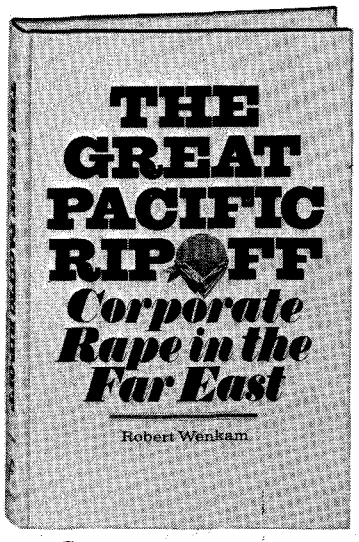

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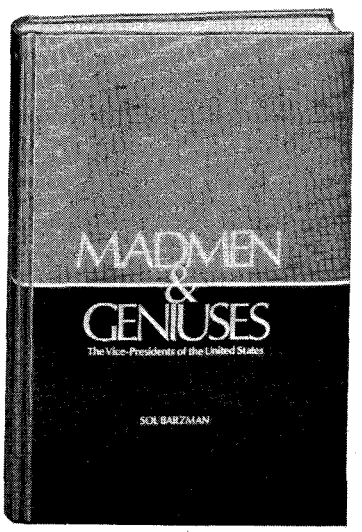

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